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Two Heroes of Cathay

Sister Grandmother Uncle

A COURT IN MR. K'UNG'S HOME IN TAI KU

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Two Heroes of Cathay

An Autobiography
and a Sketch

EDITED BY
LUELLA MINER

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1903, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
(*February*)

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 63 Washington Street
Toronto: 27 Richmond Street, W
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 30 St. Mary Street

Note

The Author's royalty on this book will be devoted to the college expenses of the two young men whose trying experiences are herein outlined. As explained in the concluding chapter, the laws of the United States do not allow them to undertake remunerative labor in this country. It is therefore hoped that friends interested will promote the circulation of this little work.

Preface

Mr. Fay's simple narrative, dealing with the most tragic event of the nineteenth century, has been freely translated, with a few omissions. The first chapter will be interesting only to those who wish to study the life of the middle-class Chinese; the second and third chapters give glimpses of the life of a Chinese boy in mission schools. Perhaps his narrative may seem to move too slowly, his pages to be overcrowded with details. But the Occident, if it would get into heart touch with the Orient, must take time for it. The merchant, the diplomat, the missionary who would be successful in the Far East must sometimes turn his back on his clock.

Were the story of Mr. K'ung's boyhood days given as fully as is Mr. Fay's, we should have a strongly contrasting picture, one of life in a wealthy, aristocratic family. For him there was less of peril and adventure, less of external loss, in that sad, last year of the century, but the sympathetic heart will catch the deep pathos of this tragedy of the inner life.

If these young men succeed in their noble purpose of obtaining in America a mental and

spiritual training which will enable them to do more effective work in lifting China out of the darkness of her past into the light of the new century, and into the glorious possibilities which lie before her as a nation, a sequel to this little volume may sometime be written. That God's kingdom may come in China is the deepest longing in the hearts of our "Two Heroes." It remains to be seen whether the training received abroad, the special needs and opportunities which will appeal to them on their return to their native land, and the guidance of their Master, will lead them into the high calling of the ministry, or into that of the teacher with its boundless opportunities for molding the intellectual and spiritual life of the new China, or into that of the editor and translator, with its ever-widening influence.

If, on laying down the book, any heart is stirred by the thought of the grievous wrong inflicted on these noble men by our Chinese exclusion laws, let it not be the idle emotion of a moment. We have made the laws; if they are working injustice it is ours to change them. Is it not a sad anomaly—the doors of a Christian land bolted and barred against Chinese Christians who have shown such heroic loyalty and tender love to her citizens, while they are swung open wide to the off-scouring of every other nation under heaven?

LUELLA MINER.

OBERLIN, O.

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Part I

The Story of Fay Chi Ho

THE STORY OF FAY CHI HO

I

Childhood Days

I WANT to write the story of my family, and of my experiences these past years, that my Christian brothers and sisters may know how exceeding great has been God's grace toward me. I know that in myself there is nothing unusual, but I have lived in such a wonderful time, I have had such wonderful experiences and such a wonderful salvation from my Heavenly Father, that I must tell of His goodness. Perhaps it will help those who read this little book to have more faith and trust in God.

My parents have told me that the Fays were an old Tientsin family, many of whom were wealthy. My great grandfather, who was an officer in the army, moved to Peking, then to the village of Wu Chia Ying, eight miles south of T'ungchou. There he built a house and bought several fields, and it has been the home of our family ever since.

My grandfather was a doctor and made a great deal of money, but he was fond of gam-

bling and high living and pleasure, so he spent his money as fast as he made it.

He had five daughters. Probably in every non-Christian country people think highly of boys and despise girls. So my grandfather was very unhappy about this, and finally adopted a son. But because he was not his own son, he still did not feel happy, so he kept thinking of ways to get a son, going to this temple to burn incense, and to that temple to pray, sometimes going far into the mountains to pray for a son. I have heard my father say that once my grandfather went to a mountain and kotowed to the idol, praying most earnestly for a son. When he was about to start for home he took a red hair-string and tied it about the necks of two tiny mud idols, then brought them home to my grandmother, saying, "I already have two sons." This is often done by those who have no sons. They go to the temple of the "Mother God" and make their vows before her, then tie a red hair string around one of the little images in the temple, and take it home, believing that the "Mother God" has given it. Afterward if a son is really born to them, they must go to the temple and pay their vow. As luck would have it, my grandmother gave birth to a son after this. When my father was born my grandfather was already over fifty years old, so he and my grandmother were very, very happy, and when the child was a month old they in-

vited many relatives and friends to a feast. My grandfather really believed that this boy was the gift of the idol in the mountain, so, buying food and incense, he went to the mountain to pay his vow. Afterward another son was born to them, and they loved very tenderly these children of their old age. My grandfather went on with his old spendthrift ways, and his wife used to exhort him, saying, "Formerly you were always mourning because you had no sons. Now that you have sons, you should be economical, and lay up property for them." But my grandfather paid no heed to her, and died at the age of sixty-three, leaving her no means of livelihood except the proceeds of a few acres of land. Her five daughters were married, also the adopted son, who did nothing for her, and my father and his brother were too young to help her much. My father was married when he was about twenty to a girl of sixteen in a neighboring village.

I want to tell you a little now about my mother's childhood. Her father died when she was only four years old, and her mother married again, taking the two youngest children with her to her new home. But the father's dying command was that if his wife married again, she was to leave my mother in his own family, that she might burn paper money and make offerings at his grave, lest he suffer want in the other world. So my mother lived with her grandmother for a

year or two until the old lady died, then she lived with an uncle, who treated her very cruelly, sometimes depriving her of food, and often refusing to let her sleep in the house. She was constantly beaten and scolded. Whenever my mother would tell me of these sufferings of her childhood, tears would flow from her eyes, and she would say, "Every other kind of bitterness in the world can be borne, but alas for the child who has no mother!" When I would hear these words I would thank God for my happy childhood, with a father to supply my wants, and a mother to tenderly love me.

A few years after my father and mother were married, my grandmother died, and they and my young uncle had a hard struggle with poverty. It was a year of drought, nothing was raised on our land, and there was no way of earning money. There came a day when the last scrap of food was gone, and they looked into each others faces in despair. "We can only wait for death," cried my father, throwing himself on his bed, and my mother and uncle wept with him. After this they used to go out and dig roots and gather weeds for food, until even the weeds were gone. I never think of this bitter suffering of my parents without grieving and wishing that I could have borne it for them. Sometimes I have been dissatisfied because my food wasn't good, or my clothes didn't suit me, or something else wasn't just to my mind, but

whenever I recall the poverty of my parents, contentment fills my heart.

After this my uncle found work, and my father got a place in a drugstore in Peking, so my mother was left alone, though she lived close by the home of my father's adopted brother. My father was only given his board when he was serving his apprenticeship of three years, but enough was raised on our little farm so that in good years my mother was comfortable. After that, my father was paid fifty cents a month in addition to his board. After the birth of my oldest brother, my mother had a hard struggle with poverty, for my father could only buy a little corn meal for her each month, and the land did not yield enough to support them. My mother was often cold and hungry, and when my father came from Peking, twenty miles, to see her, he always walked, and ate no food on the way, only spending two or three cash for tea to drink. My brother was weak from cold and poor nourishment, and my adopted uncle, though he had never helped my mother, would call the child into his house and give him food. Afterward my brother lived with this uncle and aunt, and as they had no son, they finally adopted him.

Later my father's pay was increased, and, not liking to have my mother live alone, he brought one of his older sisters to his home. This woman treated my mother most cruelly,

letting her have only the poorest of the food, making her do all the work, and reviling her constantly. When my mother was young she stammered a little, and her sister-in-law used to mock her and laugh at her. My mother could only bear it in silence, pouring out her grief by weeping in the night-time. When my father came home she would tell him her trials in secret, with many tears. But he could only exhort her to be patient.

At this time my mother became very ill with fever, and lay for many days, raving in delirium. No one cared for her, except to set food and water before her, and she suffered a month before strength began to return. Before she was entirely well my father came from Peking to see her, but his sister and sister-in-law were always standing by with ridicule and scornful words, so he could only give my mother some money secretly through a window, and did not dare go into her room to comfort her. Finally my father's sister returned to her own home, and my mother's life was more peaceful.

About this time China had a war with England and France, and seven thousand soldiers were sent from Tientsin to attack Peking. As they came up to T'ungchou by the great road they must all pass through our village. It was just harvest time, but the people in the neighborhood fled, leaving all their possessions. All of our family except my father

took refuge in a village seven miles from our home. My father, who remained to care for the property, was sleeping on the house roof very early one morning when he was aroused by the sound of bugles, and, starting up, he saw that the streets of the village were full of foreign soldiers. He ran for life, several neighbors who had been guarding their houses fleeing with him. But as they left the village they heard behind them the tramp of horses' feet, and to their dismay saw that a detachment of cavalry was following them. Nearly fainting with terror they threw themselves on the ground to wait for death, but to their surprise the cavalry passed without paying them the least attention. It was only a scouting party. Two miles beyond our village there was a battle, the Chinese soldiers being quickly defeated, with great slaughter. There was another battle at Pa-li-ch'iao, near T'ungchou; then Peking was besieged, and the Emperor, Hsien Feng, fled to Je-Ho. A treaty of peace was soon made, the foreign soldiers withdrew, and the people returned to their homes. But the villages along the highway were much poorer after this, for before the foreign soldiers came, Chinese soldiers had robbed them, and the foreign soldiers burned many villages. Several rooms belonging to our buildings were burned, and much of our furniture was stolen or destroyed.

I will pass rapidly over the story of the years

preceding my birth. My father was placed in charge of a drugstore in T'ungchou, and the business was so prosperous that he bought land near our village, furnished our house comfortably, and hired a servant to help my mother. My second brother was born a few years after my oldest brother, and when he was only thirteen my mother had him married to a girl of fifteen. This is a most debasing custom of China, and leads to endless ills; it is to be hoped that the spread of Christianity in China will soon do away with such evil customs and that parents will not make betrothals for their sons in their childhood, but will let them grow to years of maturity and choose wives according to their own hearts. My sister-in-law brought much sorrow into our home, for though she was efficient about housework and sewing, she had a most violent temper. When my mother reproved her she would pour out a flood of vituperation. My mother often fainted away during these quarrels, and the neighbors would rush in and try to restore her, but my sister-in-law did not care. My brother sometimes whipped her, then she would smash the furniture and cry night and day, sometimes going days without eating. Until the day of their death she was a grief to my parents, though during the last years my brother and she lived by themselves, so that our home was more peaceful.

Before my second brother was married a

third brother and sister came to our home. This boy was remarkably bright and lovable. When very young he was always trying to think of something to make his father and mother happy, and they looked at him as a bright jewel held in the hand, loving him more than their other children, and giving him the best of food and clothing. But when he was five years old he began to droop, his face grew thin and pale, and he wanted to sit by himself or lie down instead of playing with the other children. For a year he grew steadily worse, though his parents spent much money in trying to cure him, going also to all the temples to pray and make vows. A few days before he died my second sister was born. The Chinese who are not Christians have a superstition that under circumstances like these, if the baby girl lives the boy will die, but if the girl dies, the sick boy may have a chance of life. My mother believed this, and while she could not bear to put her baby to death, still she did not care for her well, often letting her go hungry and thirsty until the little boy died. In after years, whenever my mother thought of how she neglected her baby girl, her conscience reproached her, and her heart was very sad. But when their little boy died, she and my father were overwhelmed with grief, weeping for many days, unable to eat or sleep. Two or three years later another boy was born, but when he was the same age as his older brother, on exactly the

same day, he died also of the same sickness. So everyone said that this child was the older boy, born again on the earth because in his former life his parents owed him a debt which they had not paid. This is an empty superstition of the Buddhists, an old-wives' fable.

I was the last born of my parents, the son of their old age, and so they loved me more than all of my brothers and sisters.

Now I must tell of the great suffering which came to my father and to us all. A year or two after my birth he began to feel a pain in his chest which soon grew so severe that he gave up his business and came home, hoping by caring for his sickness to recover soon. But for two years he grew worse, a tumor having formed between his lungs and his heart. He was in constant pain, often in such agony that he would groan and cry. Many physicians were called, but he only suffered the more under their treatment, and the money which he had accumulated was almost all spent. My mother was heartbroken, and often went alone to the temples to burn incense and make vows, praying in secret to the gods. Before an idol she made the vow that she wished to take twenty years from her own life and give it to her husband. Alas! she did not know then that the life and riches of men are all in the hands of the true God of heaven. She also made a vow to eat only the plainest food, discarding salt and all seasonings and flavors, eating noth-

ing that was pleasing to the taste until my father recovered.

The old women of the village were always telling my mother laughable and foolish remedies. An old witch told her that the reason my father was sick was because his spirit was imprisoned in a ruined temple south of our village. This temple had been burned during the war. The yard was full of weeds and infested by serpents and in it there was a well. No one dared to visit the place. But the witch told my mother that if she wished my father to get well she must go to the temple at night, after the stars had come out, bow herself three times toward the south, then after circling three times about the well she must stretch out both her hands toward it, and clutch the air, grasping thus my father's spirit; returning home with her hands still closed, she must lay them on my father's body and soon he would be well. My mother was so distressed over my father's sickness that neither fear nor difficulty held her back from doing these things. Alas! my mother knew not of the true God who loves the sick, who controls disease, One to whom she could tell her sorrow, One whom she could ask for help.

Another person told my mother that if the flesh of one near and dear to the sick were given him to eat, he might recover. So when alone she cut a piece of flesh from her leg, boiled it, and gave it to my father to eat, he knowing

nothing about it. When my mother told me this a few years later and showed me the scar, the tears ran down her face as she thought how my father suffered those days, and my heart was deeply moved with pity for my dear mother who had endured such useless torture.

All remedies failed to bring relief, and in despair my father awaited the end. Then a neighbor who had been in business in Tientsin returned home and said that he often heard that the Western doctors in the foreign settlement there could cure any kind of sickness. The way they did it was to throw a red cloth over the head of the patient, and cause him to become unconscious, then by a surgical operation they would without fail remove his disease. My mother when she heard this half believed, half doubted, but as usual she wanted to try anything that was mentioned. Unfortunately we were so far from Tientsin that no doctor could come to us, so selling some of our things to get money for travelling expenses, my uncle and second brother took my father to Tientsin by boat. They went to the hospital, then in charge of Dr. Kenneth McKenzie of the London Mission. Several physicians examined him, and said that a surgical operation was necessary, but they were unwilling to perform it unless my uncle would give a written statement to the one in charge of the hospital, promising that if my father died the hospital would not be held responsible. As it was

the only hope of my father's life, though it was only one chance in ten, my uncle wrote out the promise. Several physicians assisted at the operation. They decided that it was not safe to administer an anæsthetic, as my father had not strength to rally from it, so they held him while the tumor was cut out. Giving cries of agony my father fainted, and after the operation was over and he became conscious they gave him medicine to deaden the pain. After a month of constant care he began to improve rapidly. This was truly like a resurrection from the dead, and my father looked upon his recovery as a miracle and a great joy, and to us all it was a great joy.

For some reason my father was removed to the hospital of the London Mission in Peking. He was very happy, and often expressed his gratitude to the physicians. A native evangelist said to him, "Your recovery is due not alone to the skill of doctors, but also to the grace of the true God. He has preserved your life, so you ought to repent of your sins and look to Jesus for salvation, that your heart-sickness may be cured as well as that of your body." When my father first heard these words they had very little meaning to him, but day by day, as he talked with the evangelist, and as he read Christian books, light began to break in on his heart, and he seemed like one coming out of a dream. Then, sincerely repenting of his sins, he resolved to fol-

low Jesus and to become His disciple. My second brother, who was nursing my father and constantly heard the truth, also repented and decided to become a disciple of Jesus. Dr. Edkins, seeing that they were sincere in their belief and trust in the Lord, baptized them. Alas! my brother, who was very young at this time, afterward lost his hold on the truth, and became like those outside the church.

While my father was in the hospital my mother at home was going here and there to pray at the temples, hardly daring to believe the reports that my father was better until she saw him with her own eyes. As soon as he was well enough he came home. When he left us he was carried on a stretcher, and there was little hope that he would get well. Now he returned in peace; truly it was a miracle. When my mother saw that he had come back well, she cried for joy. Then she believed that her prayers to Buddha and Pu-sa had been answered, and planned to go to the temples to burn incense and pay her vows. But when my father had eaten, he said to my mother, "Now that I am well, you ought not to be ignorant of the cause. Although the Western doctors are skilful, it is the God in heaven who has saved my life, and I have decided henceforth to worship the true God, and never again to kneel in worship before the false gods. Moreover, I wish to destroy the idols in our home."

My mother was greatly astonished at these words; still she thought that my father was only joking. But when he took down the Buddha from its shine she was terrified, and rushed to a neighbor's house, crying, "My husband has come home cured of his sickness, but his heart has been bewitched by the foreigners, and he is about to burn our ancient Buddha. Please come and help me. Invite our Buddha into your home for a few days, until my husband has come to his senses, then I will invite the Buddha to return." So our neighbors hurried back with my mother, but my father had already set fire to several paper idols, and, splitting the wooden ones to pieces, had thrown them also into the fire. When my mother saw it she feared greatly, thinking that my father was insane, and burst out into loud weeping. My father, who was very tired from his journey, lay down and went to sleep, while my mother sat crying in the darkness, thinking of the sorrows of her childhood, of the bitter poverty of her early married life, of her husband's long illness, and now, just as hope was returning, he was bewitched by the foreigners, and had destroyed their Buddha. If the Buddha was angry would he not manifest his holy powers, and seize the living spirit of my father? So after waiting a while she crept softly to my father's side to see if he was still breathing. She spent the night in great anxiety, but in the morning, when my father arose and ate

and drank as usual, her heart was a little more at ease. Neighbors flocked in, drawn by the news of my father's wonderful recovery, and of his destruction of the idols. He took that opportunity to tell them of the grace of the true God to him, telling also how the foreign doctors had cured him, and of all his experiences in the hospital. My mother listened with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, joy that his body was well, sorrow that his heart was so changed, and that he who had been so earnest in worshipping the gods had now lost all reverence for them. My father tried to explain to her that he had not lost his heart of reverence, but that he now revered the one true God, and would no more like a fool worship gods of wood and mud. He also said, "A thousand times I exhort you not to believe the foolish rumors which you hear. The missionaries are good people. They first learned the way of salvation, and have come to teach it to the Chinese, who are in darkness. You will not believe me now, so I want very much that you should go to Peking with me, and live at the Mission a while. Then you will know that all which I say to you is true."

But my mother was fearful, and unwilling to go. It was only after my father had urged her many days that she consented, partly because of his pressure, partly because her heart was oppressed and she longed to have her doubts removed. So my father hired a cart and took my

mother, my two sisters, and myself to the mission in Peking.

The London Mission had purchased an old temple of the fire-god, and were changing it to a chapel. The idols were being removed, but it was not yet in order. My mother saw the idols tipping to the east, leaning to the west, trodden under the feet of men, and said to my father, "Truly, this is the extreme of wickedness." But my father replied, "From this you can know that the gods which we have worshipped are all false. If they were truly divine, would they suffer men to trample on their bodies?"

My mother stayed in Peking two or three months, talking constantly with the Christian women of the church, and often visiting with the missionary ladies. Her heart began to open, her doubts were all dispelled, and she knew that the missionaries brought only good to the people, so when she returned home her heart was more peaceful.

There was a girls' boarding-school at the London Mission, and my father sent my two sisters there. After a few years of study they were both received into the church. A drugstore in T'ungchou invited my father to act as doctor for them, and so he moved his family to that city.

Long before this, missionaries of the American Board had been preaching in T'ungchou, and they also had a boys' school, to which my father sent my second brother. But when my brother's

mother-in-law heard of this she was very angry, considering it a great disgrace. So going to the door of my father's drugstore, she stood there shrieking at the top of her voice while a crowd gathered around to see the fun. She called out words like these, "Where in the world is there such a weak-kneed fool as this—not only to follow the foreigners himself, but voluntarily to give his own son to the foreigners, to be their slave." Because she created such a disturbance my father was obliged to take my brother out of school and let him go into business. From this time my brother gave up his religion and followed the ways of the world. Alas! alas!

All this which I have written was told me by my parents while they were living, and they told me many other things which I have forgotten, and which no one can tell me now. I have written this story that men may know how God, through my father's sufferings, brought great happiness to our entire family, for his suffering opened the door of salvation to us all. Much I hope that my dear brothers and sisters who meet sorrow and distress will not lose their courage, for our Heavenly Father desires through our sufferings to bring rich grace to us.

II

College Days

I WAS five years old when we moved to T'ungchou, near the Congregational Mission. At that time my mother was not yet a Christian, for though she knew that the doctrine preached was good, and liked to listen to it, but because everyone considered becoming a Christian to be a great disgrace, and my mother feared their ridicule, she did not dare believe the truth. But by constant intercourse with the Christians and the missionaries, and by attending the church services, her mind was awakened, and soon through the influence of the Holy Spirit she became deeply penitent and with heart and mind gave herself to Jesus, to be his disciple. In a few months she was baptized, and we were a very happy family, for five of us believed in Jesus. My mother was forty-two years old when she was received into the church. She had not studied in her childhood, and did not know a single character, but she began to study as soon as she was converted, and when she died there was not a character in the New Testament which she did not know. This truly is remark-

able; were it not for the leading and teaching of the Holy Spirit surely one of her age could never have done this. In the Old Testament my mother loved especially to read the story of Joseph. When I was a child I used to hear her reading it over and over, as if the more she read it the richer its meaning became. She used often to explain the story to her neighbors, and they liked to hear her.

When I was seven years old a son was born to my second brother, the first grandson in the family. His name was Ch'ang So. He was wonderfully bright and lovable; my father and mother were very fond of him, and he was the pet of the whole family. As soon as he could talk he commenced committing to memory a little Christian book. A missionary, Mrs. Beach, came regularly to our home to teach my mother, and when she knew that this little child was learning to read she was greatly pleased, and would sometimes bring him a plaything or something to eat.

My parents put me into the little Mission School when I was only five years old. But when I was little I had this fault: I did not like to study, so I used to play truant. When it came time to go to school I would start off with my books, and hide away somewhere until time to go home. After my mother discovered this she used to whip me nearly every day, but it made no difference. I was very stubborn, and no matter how

hard she whipped me I would never ask her forgiveness. But after a few months I noticed that none of the other scholars played truant, though some of them did not like to study very well, so I stopped running away from school. When I was little I did not speak plainly, and this made the scholars laugh, but I had a good memory and learned my lessons well, so many people loved me.

After I had studied five years in the little school, one afternoon Dr. Sheffield came and examined us, and three of us were promoted to the Academy. I was very happy about this, and because many people loved and praised me I became proud, and thought no one else was equal to me. Out of this pride sprang other faults, and I often disputed and quarrelled with my schoolmates. One day Dr. Sheffield happened along when I was having a quarrel with another boy, called us into his study, and whipped us both. After this I was not so popular, and whenever I met those who had praised me, my face would flush with shame. So I did not like to meet them any more, and was very unhappy. My reputation for quarrelsomeness grew until sometimes I was accused by other scholars of things which I had not done, and was punished for them. After a year or two of this unhappiness I resolved to conquer my faults, and sometimes even when the right was on my side I would go and apologize to my schoolmates.

When I was fourteen or fifteen I formed a close friendship with En Pu, a Manchu whose home was in Peking, the only child of his widowed mother. He had studied in the London Mission School, and came to T'ungchou to take the three-years course of study in the Theological Seminary. It was here that he became my friend, loving me like an own brother. Though he was already a teacher and I was an Academy student, though he had money and I was poor, he rejoiced in being my friend, and with the exception of my parents there was no one whom I loved like En Pu. Every day when our school duties were ended, we would walk hand in hand through the yard, having heart-to-heart talks. He said many things that helped me, but at that time I had not decided to be Jesus' disciple.

About this time God's abundant grace was poured out on the T'ungchou church. A Methodist missionary, Mr. Pike, led revival meetings, and there were many conversions. The first two days my heart was not moved, but the third day Mr. Pike read the last verses of the first chapter of 1st John, beginning, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." When I heard it, the Holy Spirit began to work in my heart, convincing me of great sin, and standing up in the chapel I made confession with tears, expressing my determination to follow

Jesus, and to give myself for life, soul and body, to his service.

That afternoon a letter was handed to me, beginning:

My Dear Brother Chi Ho:

This morning in the meeting I saw that your heart was touched, and my heart was full of joy because God had heard the prayer of His servant. Ever since I have known you I have mentioned your name in every prayer. I hope that in these days you will think much what God would have you to do, that like Paul, when he was called of God, you may consecrate body and heart to your Heavenly Father. There is much which I want to say to you which I cannot write, but which I will tell you when I see you to-night.

En Pu.

I read this letter over and over, thanking God for my beloved elder brother who constantly thought of me and prayed for me. From this I knew that many others who loved me, teachers, schoolmates, and friends, were praying for me. The following days I did not want to see anyone, but liked to sit alone, thinking what plan God had for my life, and what sort of a man I ought to be. My heart was not at peace, and I often wept. But peace came in a few days, and I resolved to consecrate myself wholly to the service of Jesus. I was baptized and received into the church by Pastor Chang. I was then fifteen, and that year I finished the four-years' course in the Academy. The church was decorated for the graduating exercises with branches of trees and many flowers, and it was a very happy evening for

me. At the close of the exercises Dr. Sheffield presented us with our diplomas, and spoke many helpful words of counsel. I looked forward to four more years of study in the college, and then to becoming a teacher.

That year the whole region around T'ungchou was flooded. Scores of villages were swept away, and all the crops were destroyed. Provisions doubled in value. Homeless, starving refugees flocked by thousands into T'ungchou. Business was so dull in the drugstore where my father was employed that he was dismissed. Our little farm yielded nothing. We tried to sell or pawn our things, but few had money to buy, and we got little for them. What my mother earned by sewing for the missionary ladies was almost our only dependence. From this time my mother sewed most of the time, but the last years she sewed only half a day and spent half a day in the dispensary talking with the women who came for medicine. But it was not only at this set time that my mother witnessed to her faith in Jesus, but whenever she met other women.

Up to this time my second brother and his wife lived in the home with us, but as her violent temper gave my father and mother no peace they decided that the families must separate. But my little nephew, Ch'ang So, was unwilling to leave us, because my parents, my two sisters and I loved him so dearly. So he made his home with us, going to school when he was old enough, and

not leaving my father and mother until their death.

The marriage of my older sister occurred about this time. My parents had resolved that she should not marry outside of the church, but rather among the Christian young men. They proposed to find her a husband of good character and disposition, without regard to the amount of his property or his station in life. Liu Ch'eng Lung was a Shantung man who had studied many years in the T'ungchou schools, finishing with three years in the Theological Seminary. He preached for a year in Kalgan, then went to Tientsin to teach the boys' school. It was while he was teaching there that he was engaged to my sister, and a few months later he came to T'ungchou for the wedding. That was a very gay time. The day before the wedding many relatives and friends came to our house to feast, and brought many presents as well as gifts of money for my sister. The next morning a red sedan chair was brought to our door with many costumed attendants and a band which made a great racket. Some finely dressed gentlemen came in a cart to escort the bride, and ate and drank together in our house. Then my sister came out to get into the red chair. Before she left her home she wept bitterly. I went with my father and mother to the church, and after the chair arrived my sister came out and standing in the chapel with Mr. Liu they were married by one

of the missionaries. Then friends came forward to make obeisance and offer congratulations, and I also wished them joy. Alas! after a few days my sister's husband took her to Tientsin. I had been very happy before, but when my sister left I was very lonely. She was very sweet and gentle, and loved me very much. Almost all my clothes were made by her. There is a saying that an elder sister's love to a brother is like that of a little mother. This was true in my sister's case.

Several years before this, land had been bought less than a mile south of the city for college buildings. For two or three years workmen were busy there, sometimes hundreds at a time. Five buildings were erected, four of them homes for the missionary teachers, Dr. Sheffield, Mr. Tewksbury, Mr. Kingman, Miss Evans, and Miss Miner. But the large building was for the college. It was over two hundred feet long, two stories high, besides basement and attic, and was heated by hot water. Besides the dormitory rooms on the first floor, accommodating ninety students, dining room and kitchen, which were in the basement, there were on the second floor laboratories and recitation rooms, reading room and library. The compound was surrounded by a fine brick wall, and a long driveway was laid out, bordered by trees. There were two pavilions, one used as a porter's lodge, the other as a bell tower. In this hung the great bell which

struck the hours for recitations, and the clear sound could be heard a mile or two away. There were also houses for the Chinese teachers.

Most of these buildings were completed when I entered the Freshman Class in college, so that fall the school was moved from the city. There were over eighty students at that time, almost all of them Christians, and our new home was much pleasanter than the one in the city. When we were in the city there was always much sickness among the students, but here there was very little. Our campus was large, and when school was out we had many games and ways of exercising, such as tennis, wrestling, racing, and trapeze work. Friends would stroll back and forth, three in this group, five in that, chatting merrily, while others in the reading room looked at books and papers or played chess.

The preparation of this comp'ete and beautiful college was due to God's grace and care, but it came through the gifts of our dear brothers and sisters in America who believe in the Lord, and through the labors of our dear teacher, Dr. Sheffield, who gave his whole heart to the students. Moreover, Mr. Tewksbury used the thought and strength of many years in overseeing the workmen, and our lady teachers lovingly taught and helped us. So we thank not only our Heavenly Father, but our dear friends in America and our teachers.

Our teachers, who loved us so much, had hopes

and expectations for every one of us, for they were preparing us for the service of the Lord, that His glory might shine forth before China's people who are in darkness. I know that they constantly prayed for each one of us by name, and God has heard the prayers of those who love Him. Of the graduates of our college seven have been ordained as pastors, and others are evangelists, doctors, and teachers. Nearly every graduate is in the work of the mission. May God bless every one of us that we may do great things for Him, bringing glory to His holy name and fulfilling the hope of our teachers.

Now I will write something which I do not at all like to tell. For two years both at home and outside my words and actions were such as to grieve all who loved me. One day I called my mother in an angry tone to comb my hair. My mother said, " That is not the way a child should speak to his parents." This made me still more angry, and going into another room I took a pair of shears and cut off more than half of my queue, then bristling with anger I came out saying to my mother, " You would not comb my hair, so I have cut off my queue." When my mother saw it her whole body trembled, and taking up in her hands the hair which I had cut off she kept looking at it, crying bitterly. For several days she was very sad. From that day to this I have never been able to forget this misdeed. It is always in my heart, and whenever I think of it I

hate myself for this lack of filialty toward the mother who loved me so tenderly.

There were many times also when I had disagreements with my schoolmates, and when for very little reasons I disputed with my teachers, always believing that the right was on my side.

I do not know what got into me those two years. After I had graduated and had become a teacher myself, whenever my scholars got angry at me, just as I used to get angry, I was filled with regret for the pain which I had caused my dear teachers, and realized the extreme love and patience which they had shown me. I had one great trial when I was teaching in Shansi, which helped me to understand a teacher's difficulties and sorrows, and I would cry sometimes, wishing that I might have brought joy instead of grief to my teachers.

While I was at college my second sister was married, also to a Shantung man, named Li Ch'ao Tu. He had been a soldier under Li Hung Chang, but after his conversion he entered the Theological Seminary. When he graduated, he married my sister and took her at once to Shantung, where he works as an evangelist in his native village. My oldest sister and her husband, four or five years after their marriage, moved to Shansi, where they taught in the Congregational Mission until their death four years later.

I was the only child left at home, and because

of this, also because I was the son of their old age, my parents loved me devotedly. Though we were not rich, we lived in comfort, and were very happy together.

After my friend En Pu graduated from the Theological Seminary he preached in the London Mission in Peking, marrying a young lady who had studied many years in the Mission School while my sisters were there. Though we could not be together we wrote constantly, telling each other the thoughts of our hearts, and many were the helpful words which he wrote me. Every year when school had closed for the summer, I would go at once to his home, and spend two weeks with him. One day I received a letter from him saying that he was sick. For two or three months no letters came from him, but messages were sent me telling me that he was failing. Alas that I did not go to Peking to see him! Then came a letter from another, saying, "Your beloved friend En Pu is dead." As soon as I read it, unable to control my grief, I burst out into loud weeping. It was the first great sorrow of my life. I started at once to Peking, thinking to comfort his loved ones. But as soon as I stepped into the yard tears fell like rain. I thought how before, whenever I had entered, En Pu had come to meet me, and hand in hand we had walked with glad hearts. But now he was gone, and when I saw his old mother, and his young wife in her white mourning robes with

her baby boy in her arms, and when I saw the coffin in the church, I could not say a word for the tears.

At the funeral many were the loving words of tribute to the memory of this man of only twenty-two years, upon whom so much hope was centred. All in the church were weeping, for he was the beloved of missionaries, native Christians, and all others who knew him.

After I returned to T'ungchou, for many days I could not talk or play with my schoolmates, for I was all the time mourning the loss of my beloved brother, and I would walk to and fro, wishing that God would permit me to go to him. For several months I often saw him in my dreams, and would start up, calling his name.

En Pu had composed a hymn of prayer for his native land which was printed in our hymn book, and whenever we sing that hymn it brings my friend before me. I know that if I trust in the God whom En Pu loved, some day He will let me see the face of my dear brother.

It is natural for me to form friendships, and my last year in college I found a new friend in one of my schoolmates, Wu Yü Kò of Shantung. We had studied together for more than ten years, but never had come to know each other's hearts before. That year our acquaintance ripened into a most intimate friendship. All day long we were together, at study, in the classroom, at meals, at play. Two or three times a teacher who saw us

hand in hand asked, "Which is David, and which is Jonathan?" My dear friend, Yü Kò, loved and helped me no less than En Pu, and was indeed a brother to me. After we had come to know and love each other, we often said, "What a pity that we did not form this friendship sooner; then we might have had years of joy together."

Yü Kò was very eloquent, and all liked to hear him speak. At every entertainment and meeting, he was in demand, either for a speech or to tell a story, and he was always applauded. When school was out, he often stood on the campus surrounded by schoolmates who were clamoring for a story or a joke. So one of our teachers nicknamed him "Fountain of Joy."

Alas! my dear friend had never been strong, and I constantly feared that he would die, like En Pu. But he made nothing of his poor health. Two months before we graduated, Yü Kò was suddenly taken very sick with lung trouble, and for three months he was very ill. The doctor came to see him two or three times a day, and either I or one of his other intimate friends, K'ung Hsiang Hsi and Huang Shu Táng, was by his side night and day. He hung at death's door, but God in great mercy spared him, and when school closed he was beginning to get better, though still very weak, so not until a month later could he be placed on a boat and taken to his home. That month I alone was with him, day and

night, and our friendship grew still deeper. When he gained a little strength I would support him, and when the sun set we would walk a little in the yard. He was taken home by a missionary doctor, and I travelled with him on the boat the first thirteen or fourteen miles, spending the night with him, as we lay at anchor. We talked all night, and when day broke we parted, weeping, and I have never seen his face again.

Our class of nine graduated in May. Nearly all of us had been more than ten years in the T'ungchou schools, and we had long looked forward to the day when we would leave college and take up our life-work. A few months before we graduated, joy and grief dwelt together in our hearts, joy that our labor of many years in college would soon be completed, enabling us to begin our work as teachers, preachers, doctors, extending to others the advantages which we had enjoyed so many years; grief that we must leave the college, the teachers, the schoolmates, loved by us so many years, and go our several ways, not knowing when we would meet again, or what God had in store for us. As the time grew nearer a thousand thoughts, a myriad conjectures, disturbed our hearts day and night.

One day we had a class supper at a restaurant in the city. Alas! there were only eight of us there, for my dear Yü Kò was too sick to go. Before we sat down to our feast, each of us made a speech, and the prevailing sentiment was as

follows: For more than ten years we have enjoyed the guidance and protection of our Heavenly Father, the instruction and training of our teachers. As we look back, each one of us has had his hardships, but now we are about to graduate in peace. Our sorrow is that after many years of sharing our trials and labors together as brothers we must now scatter south of the mountains and north of the sea. Our earnest prayer is that God will keep us till we meet again.

As I look back on this occasion, it seems as if it were still before my eyes. But of the nine, two are gone now; one died a martyr to his faith, and one died of sickness. And a myriad miles now separate me from the other six. I grieve and sigh when I think of it, and long for that peaceful home where there is no death or separation.

On the Wednesday before we graduated there was a meeting led by the president of the college, Dr. Sheffield, at which he asked the members of the graduating class to tell our life purposes. Previous to this I had heard Mr. Lees of the London Mission preach a sermon which made a great impression upon me. He said that each one of us should choose for himself a path which we would not regret. He added, "This path of no regret, I have found; it is following Jesus for life. Now as I look back on these thirty years when I have been a minister, it is without regret." I turned these words over and over in

my heart. For many days I considered my life-work, trying to find "a path of no regret," and at last my purpose was formed. So at that Wednesday meeting I rose, and spoke somewhat as follows, "All earthly things are vanity. For many days I have been thinking, trying to find for myself an indestructible inheritance which will not pass away. I am glad that I have found it. I have heard that many who seek for fame or riches when near their end sigh and lament, for they have lost their all, and regret that they have not been disciples of Jesus. I truly believe that this path which I have found will bring me no regret; that at the end when I look back over my whole life, I shall not repent. I know that the Lord has marked out for me a path which is hard to travel, but I want to commit soul and body to His keeping, hoping that when my work on earth is finished and I see Jesus I can say to Him with joy, 'I do not regret this way which I have travelled all my life.'"

Our graduation day was a grand occasion. Many friends, both in the church and outside, gathered with the students in the college chapel, and Dr. Judson Smith of the American Board was with us too. The chapel was beautifully decorated. Each member of the class had an oration. My subject was "Out of Trial Comes the Hero." The gist of the thought was that from ancient times the holy emperors, virtuous kings, meritorious ministers, and good officials,

had many of them risen from obscurity and poverty, and many had passed through suffering.

After the orations we sang our farewell song together, then the president, Dr. Sheffield, gave us our diplomas and closing words of exhortation, urging us not to consider our education as finished, but to look upon ourselves as just entering a course of training. Then all sang together, "God be with you till we meet again," and after the benediction we separated.

I was just nineteen when I graduated. All the other members of the class were older except Liu Te. who was the same age.

III

Teaching in Shansi

I HAVE written in the preceding chapters about my father and mother, about my childhood years and my college life. Now I must write of what has happened during the years since I left college; of my two years of bitter sorrow, of the martyrdom of my relatives and friends. I do not want to think of these things, still less to write about them, for whenever I do, a knife pierces my heart and immeasurable grief overwhelms me. But I know that if I write this story showing how grievous is the sin of China's people, and how dark their hearts, all who love God, when they read it, will realize the bondage and darkness of the Chinese, and pitying love for China will spring up in their hearts.

After my graduation I spent two months in my village home helping my father in a little drugstore which he had opened there. Then I went to T'ungchou to make some purchases, and called at the college to see my teachers. I found that all had gone to the Western Hills for the summer except Miss Miner. She invited me to go to the Hills with her for a rest and to copy a

book on geology which she was translating. So I spent over a month at the American Board Sanitarium about thirty miles west of T'ungchou. Here the air was pure and cool. There were about twenty missionaries there and several Chinese teachers and schoolmates. Every day after I had finished my writing we would go for long walks in the mountains. How happy I was those days, strong in body and heart! Well I remember one day spent with two friends taking a long tramp over the mountains and visiting some fine temples. We ate our dinner by a beautiful spring, then we took a bath in the clear water and walked home in the moonlight singing as we went.

In September the college opened, and my teachers all went back to T'ungchou, I returning with them. At that time our college president, Dr. Sheffield, received a letter from an English missionary in Newchwang, Manchuria, asking if he could send a teacher for his school. There was also a letter from our own Congregational Mission in Tai Ku, Shansi, asking for a school teacher. Dr. Sheffield told me about these two places and asked to which I would prefer to go. I consulted with my father and mother. They said that my oldest sister and her husband were in Shansi, so that if I went there I would have their help. Moreover, it was our own church in Shansi, so my parents wished me to go there.

Bidding my parents and teachers farewell, I went to Tientsin to join Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Miss Bird, who had been to America on furlough and were returning to Shansi. From there we went to Pao Ting Fu by boat, then travelled overland for ten or eleven days, most of the time over mountain roads. When we were seventy miles from Tai Ku we were met by three schoolboys who had come to welcome their missionaries. We arrived first at the out station of Jen Ts'un, thirteen miles from Tai Ku, where Mr. and Mrs. Thompson had lived. There we were met by all the boys in the Tai Ku school, over thirty in number, and many other friends, both Chinese and foreign. But my sister and her husband were not with them, for they were teaching at Fen Chou Fu, fifty-three miles from Tai Ku.

We all spent the night at Jen Ts'un, and very early the next morning I started for Tai Ku with Miss Bird and the friends who had come to welcome us. At Tai Ku I had a cordial reception from both missionaries and Chinese, and in two days I was in the midst of my school work. Before my arrival the school had been taught by Mrs. Clapp and a Chinese teacher, but now Miss Bird and I were to have entire charge of it.

There were over thirty scholars, six or seven of them about my own age. Miss Bird took half of the classes, so that I was not very busy, but

alas! I had one great difficulty; the Tai Ku dialect is very different from Pekinese, so that I could understand only half of what my scholars said, neither did they understand much that I said. There were a few little fellows who spoke a country *patois* which I could understand no better than a foreign language. Fortunately there was one scholar from Shantung whose talk I could understand, and he acted as interpreter. I can never forget my worry and difficulties those first few months, until I became accustomed to my scholars' way of talking and they to my way.

When we first reached Tai Ku, not being acclimated and not being used to the food there, I could not eat much, and I grew quite weak. There was another reason for this. Never before had I gone more than a few miles from my own home, or left my father or mother for any length of time. Here I was nearly five hundred miles from parents, schoolmates, all the friends whom I had known before, in a strange place, and still separated from my sister. So those first months I was very, very homesick.

All the time I was teaching in Tai Ku I studied English with Miss Bird. For a long time I had wished to study English, but it was not taught in the North China College, so I had never had an opportunity. Now that the desire of many years was granted, I devoted the time left from my teaching to studying with great

MR. FAY AND FIVE OF HIS TAI KU PUPILS

earnestness, and Miss Bird was also very earnest in teaching me, as if I were her own brother. She also helped me much in my religious life, and in all my trials and difficulties she helped and comforted me, until peace came to my heart. So, though I was far from my own friends, I was happy. It was not only Miss Bird who showed me great kindness, but Mr. and Mrs. Clapp and Mr. and Mrs. Williams treated me as if I were a member of their own families, often inviting me to eat with them.

After teaching three or four months, school was dismissed for the New Year's vacation, and I hastened to my sister's home in Fen Chou Fu. I had not seen her for four years, and she loved me most tenderly, so my heart was eager for the meeting. It was very cold and snowy when I took the two-days' journey in a cart, but I was so joyous that I did not feel the cold. It was dark when I knocked at the Mission gate, and my sister and brother ran out to meet me. My sister was so happy that she kept saying over and over, "Chi Ho, have you come?" That name, "Chi Ho" sounded very sweet in my ears, for when I was in T'ungchou my parents and teachers had always called me by my name, but now, for many months, everyone had called me "Mr. Fay." Our hearts were so full when we met that for a long time we could not say much, but we talked late that night, my sister inquiring eagerly about our parents and the

T'ungchou church. After we had eaten supper they took me to see their beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Price, and their daughter Florence.

I had a very happy month at Fen Chou Fu, Mr. and Mrs. Price often inviting us to eat with them, then we would spend the evenings together, singing and playing games. I also took horseback rides with my brother-in-law, sometimes going to mountain temples. When the time came for my school to begin, my sister went with me to Tai Ku, living in the same yard with Miss Bird. Those days I was very happy, and though still separated from my father and mother, I was seldom homesick. Later Mrs. Thompson invited my sister to go to Jen Ts'un to help her teach her girls' school.

For two or three months typhus fever was epidemic in the region of Tai Ku, many dying from it. One day in April I had a slight headache, but thought it was nothing important. The next morning I was too weak to rise, then I became feverish and delirious. Many days passed, but I knew nothing. For two weeks I neither ate nor drank. A Chinese friend, Dr. Sang, and my dear Mr. Clapp stayed day and night by my side. My fever was very contagious, so they would not even let others come into the yard, still less into my room.

School was closed for a week, then it was reopened at the out station of Li Man, eight miles from Tai Ku, where Miss Partridge lived, Miss

Bird going to care for the school, and a Chinese teacher being found to teach the classics.

As the days went by I grew worse, and there seemed little hope of my recovery. Mr. Clapp and Dr. Sang were exhausted with constant nursing, and sent to Fen Chou Fu for my brother-in-law. Then, as I ate nothing and they thought I might die at any time, they sent for my sister. But I did not know when my brother came, or recognize my sister.

In a month I began to improve, but I was so very weak that it was a month later when I got up for the first time. Mr. Clapp and Dr. Sang gave me alcohol baths every day, and Mrs. Clapp prepared all of my food for me. When I began to get stronger my brother-in-law was obliged to return to his school, and my sister was unable to stay with me. Then as I lay through the long days on my bed I became very homesick, thinking constantly of my father and mother and other loved ones, especially my friend Yü Kò. Often I could not keep back the tears. So my friends would try in every way to comfort and entertain me, as if I were a little child. Miss Bird sent me a picture which she painted herself, on which was written the verse, "His delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night."

Mrs. Clapp still prepared food for me every day, and Mrs. Williams sent me fruit and flowers. One of my scholars came thirteen miles to

bring me a large bunch of peonies. In spite of all this kindness, I often cried from longing to see my parents.

At this time another thought was constantly in my mind, the thought of God's treatment of me, and my treatment of God. This made my conscience reprove me very severely, because from the day of my birth God had bestowed great grace upon me, but I, on the contrary, had never served God with earnestness. The thought of this often made me weep. I also received many letters from friends and teachers. They wrote that since God had spared my life in this terrible illness, He must have some plan for using me to glorify His name. I also often thought that since God had left me on this earth He must have some thought of using me in His service. With tears I repented my sin of coldness toward my Heavenly Father, and asked Him to purify my heart and make me worthy hereafter of being His servant.

During those days memories of my childhood and of my school life filled my heart, thoughts about the church at T'ungchou and of my parents' love passed again and again through my mind. My Heavenly Father taught me many new lessons during that month, so that this sickness not only was a life-and-death crisis, it was also a pivotal time in my heart life.

Never can I forget the love of Mr. Clapp. In such contagious diseases none but near relatives

are willing to care for the sick. But Mr. Clapp and Dr. Sang nursed me for two months by day and night. Mr. Clapp, though of a different country, did not shrink from the contagion, staying by my side in the day time, sleeping in my room by night, giving me his own clothing to wear, bathing me two or three times a day with alcohol. All of my medicine and broth he gave me, a spoonful at a time. When I got better he would sit by my side reading the Bible or telling stories that I might not be lonely. Oh! such kindness as this I can never repay, I can never forget. Had my father and mother been with me, could they have done more for me? Never before I had seen a man from Western lands with love like this, never have I even heard of such love.

After two months, when I was able to get up, they decided to send me to Li Man, because the air there was pure and bracing. So my dear friend Dr. Sang took me there, and I saw my sister and my scholars and Miss Bird and many Chinese friends. How happy I was! When I was taken sick it was cold and the trees were bare. Now it was warm, the foliage was luxuriant, the ground was covered with flowers. Li Man was close to the mountains, and the place where we lived had once been the park of a wealthy man, so it was filled with fruit trees, lilacs, and other flowers. When the beautiful landscape lay before me, my heart was so

stirred that tears of joy came to my eyes, and I thanked God for leaving me on the earth where I could see my dear ones and the lovely things which God has made.

I spent the summer at Li Man, growing stronger daily, and soon I could read a little English each day with Miss Bird, but attempted nothing else. When the Fen Chou Fu school closed for vacation my brother-in-law joined us, then my friend K'ung Hsiang Hsi came from the North China College at T'ungchou to his home at Tai Ku, and he too spent his vacation at Li Man. Every day at sunset we would climb the mountain with Mrs. Williams, Miss Bird, Mrs. Sang, my sister, and some of the scholars. There was an old temple on the mountainside and a spring where we would stop to rest, drinking of the cool water. Then singing and talking we would return together.

After reaching Li Man, as soon as I was strong enough, I wrote a long letter to my father and mother, telling all about my sickness. At the time when it was thought that there was no hope of my recovery Mr. Clapp had written to my teachers at T'ungchou about my sickness, and they could not but tell my parents, who were grieved beyond measure. Every day my mother cried, fearing she would never see me again, and afterward I heard that all those weeks, until she heard that I was better, my mother never slept peacefully at night, but would beat her hand on

the pillow and cry, "My little son, Chi Ho, are you living or dead?" So also did my father grieve for me. Oh! what can I ever do in return for such love as this of my parents? Many friends tried to comfort my mother, and the missionaries would keep saying, "Your son must still be alive; if he were dead, the missionaries at T'ai Ku would send a telegram." I know that during those weeks of suspense my father and mother suffered more than I did in my illness, and not until they received a letter written by my own hand were their hearts at rest. One of the missionaries wrote to a friend in Shansi, "Chi Ho is the Benjamin of his parents." Chi Ho, Chi Ho, how will you return the love of your parents?

In June my sister gave birth to a little daughter. She had been married eight years, and this was her first child, so that husband and wife greatly rejoiced, and all their friends came to rejoice with them. After a few days my friend, Dr. Sang, had a son born,—his first child, also,—and he and Mrs. Sang were very happy. These four parents who rejoiced together over their firstborn were all about thirty years of age, and the next year they all went together, they and their little ones, to the home of joy.

Late in the summer a friend of mine invited me to spend a week with him at his home in the mountains, where there was beautiful scenery. Every day I went out sightseeing, sometimes to

temples, sometimes to see the great vineyards, for many grapes were raised there.

When I returned to Li Man the missionaries were all gone, and the watchman told me that Mrs. Thompson had died suddenly, leaving a tiny baby, and all had gone to Tai Yuan Fu, where she was to be buried. A letter from America had told Mrs. Thompson of the death of her mother, and a few days later a little daughter had died. Now Mr. Thompson was left alone with the other daughter and a baby girl.

Time flies like an arrow. The summer was gone; the time had come for opening the schools. So my brother and sister, with their little one, went back to Fen Chou Fu, Dr. and Mrs. Sang returned to Tai Ku to open the hospital, and we began school in Li Man with over thirty pupils, everything going on peacefully as before.

That fall Mrs. Williams decided to return to America with her children, and the day she left I went to Tai Ku to bid her good-by. Mr. Thompson and his children went also, and crowds of Christians from the city and the neighboring villages had gathered at the mission. Over a hundred of us escorted them a mile or two outside the city gate, then we sang, "God be with you till we meet again," and parted.

After this the school was moved back into Tai Ku, to the court where Mr. and Mrs. Williams had lived.

During that fall and winter God sent much sorrow into my life, some of which I can express, but much of it cannot be told in words. A fire caught in a room where students were sleeping, and one boy was so severely burned that he died a few days later. This made my heart very sad.

Again I spent the New Year's vacation with my sister, then went with Mr. Atwater to Tai Yuan Fu, which is eighty miles from Fen Chou Fu, to attend an interdenominational conference, at which three or four hundred missionaries and native Christians were present.

It was the fifteenth day of the first moon of the twenty-sixth year of Kuang Hsü when I returned to Tai Ku, a year when I was surrounded by rivers of sorrow and seas of adversity. As soon as I returned several leaders in the church made serious accusations against me to the missionaries, wishing to drive me away from the school. They said that I was too stern with my pupils, and whipped them too much, and that I wished to injure them. These charges the missionaries were obliged to investigate.

As I look back now on my two years of teaching, there is one thing for which my conscience reproves me. My rules were too strict, and my discipline was too severe. When I first reached Tai Ku I saw that the scholars were very rude and undisciplined, and instead of using kind persuasions to bring about a change, I whipped them a great deal. I did not consider that many

of them had received little training, and could not be made to conform suddenly to rules. This was because I was young and inexperienced, and having been accustomed to good order in the T'ungchou schools I was impatient when my scholars did not show immediate improvement.

From the time when I began teaching, the missionaries and many of the leaders in the church were much pleased with the school, and said that it was much improved in every way, but they cautioned me repeatedly against being too severe. Letters from my father and mother also exhorted me to rule by gentleness, but I thought my way was best, and did not repent until it was too late. In this severity I was truly seeking the good of my pupils, but not only did I make myself unpopular with others, but some even of my own pupils joined in the charges against me, and this wounded my heart very deeply.

Because there were so many in Tai Ku who did not like me I could not continue to teach there, but my foreign friends loved me, and knew that I had tried to help my pupils, so they did not want me to leave their mission. For this reason they had me change places with my brother-in-law, and I went to Fen Chou Fu to teach. This school also had over thirty scholars, but most of them were younger than those at Tai Ku. Mr. and Mrs. Price were very kind to me, often inviting me to eat with them, and in the

evening, when I was not busy, they taught me English.

After a month I received letters from my father and mother, who had heard that I had left Tai Ku. They reproved me very severely for my quarrel with those who opposed me, and said that I ought to think only about my own mistakes, and not cherish resentment against those who worked against me. Their letter also stated that they were very lonely for me, and wanted me to return home when school closed in June.

Miss Partridge of Li Man wished to start a girls' school, and as she had not time to do all the teaching, she wanted to find a young Chinese woman to help her. So in March she started east to find a teacher among the Bridgman School scholars, and to visit the schools in Peking, T'ungchou, and Pao Ting Fu. She was gone over a month, and returned bringing a distant cousin of mine, named Ruth, who had just graduated from the Bridgman School.

Miss Partridge brought me a letter from my father and mother, the very last one which I ever received from them. The letter said that our Shantung church was greatly disturbed by Boxers, and that they were beginning to drill in T'ungchou and Peking. They greatly longed to see my face, and charged me to start home as soon as school closed.

I also received a letter from my sister in Shantung, telling of the serious Boxer trouble there.

From this day on I received no more letters from my friends in the provinces of Chihli and Shantung, but rumors reached me constantly of the increasing strength and daring of the Boxers in Peking and Tientsin. We heard too that Christians had been killed near Pao Ting Fu.

IV

The Gathering of the Storm

THE people of Shansi are naturally timid and gentle, not given to making disturbances, being the most peaceable people in China. So our Shansi Christians were hopeful for themselves, even when the reports from the coast grew more alarming. But there was one thing which caused us deep apprehension, and that was the fact that the wicked, cruel Yü Hsien, the hater of foreigners, was the newly appointed governor of Shansi. He had previously promoted the Boxer movement in Shantung, and had persuaded the Empress Dowager that the Boxers had supernatural powers and were true patriots.

Early in June my college friend K'ung Hsiang Hsi came back from T'ungchou for his vacation, reporting that the state of affairs there and at Peking was growing worse, that the local officials were powerless against the Boxers, and that the Boxers, armed with swords, were constantly threatening Christians scattered in the country.

From this time we had no communication with Tientsin or Peking. All travellers were

searched, and if discovered bearing foreign letters they were killed. So though several times messengers were started out to carry our letters to the coast, they were turned back by the Boxers before they had gone far. It was not long before the Boxers, like a pestilence, had spread all over Shansi. School had not closed yet in Fen Chou Fu, but as the feeling of alarm deepened, fathers came to take their boys home, and school was dismissed before the end of June.

One day as I sat brooding in the yard a man came up suddenly and said, "Why don't you go to see the Boxers drill?"

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Inside the East Gate."

So I started at once to see what their drill was like. In a large vacant space, inside the city gate, I saw twenty or more ragged boys in their teens, naked to their waists, standing with their faces to the southeast. After muttering a rhymed jargon they bowed toward the southeast, then fell in a trance. Soon they rose, and showing their teeth, brandished their arms, and kicked about wildly for a while, then fell again on their backs. Thus they lay until other boys tapped lightly on their foreheads, when they would get up and go about as usual. There were rowdies standing by with swords and spears, and four or five hundred spectators. I asked afterward the meaning of the rhyme the boys had muttered,

and learned that it was an invocation to the gods to come down and possess their bodies. After they had repeated it the gods would lead them away and train them as soldiers. Hearing this, I laughed at their foolishness, and sighed because of their ignorance.

Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren and Miss Eldred of the China Inland Mission had come to Mrs. Price's about the middle of June, and after the Boxer trouble began they were unable to leave. Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren soon heard that their mission at P'ing Yao had been burned.

About the middle of June the friends at Tai Ku received a letter from Mr. Pitkin at Pao Ting Fu, stating that a number of French railroad engineers and employees had been killed by the Boxers, and that the college at T'ungchou had been destroyed. When I heard this I went to my own room, overwhelmed with grief for my dear college home, and with fear for my father, mother, and beloved teachers and friends, for I did not know whether they were living or dead. I wanted to start at once for T'ungchou, but Mr. and Mrs. Price said that it was too dangerous, and that it would be very difficult for me to make my way through.

During the two long months that followed not a word reached us from beyond the mountains. The church in Shansi walked in darkness, not seeing the way before it.

The wicked governor, Yü Hsien, scattered proclamations broadcast. These stated that the foreign religions overthrew morality and inflamed men to do evil, so now gods and men were stirred up against them, and Heaven's legions had been sent to exterminate the foreign devils. Moreover there were the Boxers, faithful to their sovereign, loyal to their country, determined to unite in wiping out the foreign religion. He also offered a reward to all who killed foreigners, either titles or office or money. When the highest official in the province took such a stand in favor of the Boxers, what could inferior officials do? People and officials bowed to his will, and all who enlisted as Boxers were in high favor. It was a time of license and anarchy, when not only Christians were killed, but hundreds of others against whom individual Boxers had a grudge.

Crowds of people kept passing our mission gate to see what might be happening, for the city was full of rumors. "The foreigners have all fled." "Many foreigners from other places have gathered here." "A great cannon has been mounted at the mission gate." "The foreigners have hired men to poison wells, and to smear gates with blood."

I was staying in the compound with the Prices, inside the west gate of the city, and Mr. and Mrs. Atwater, with their children, Bertha and Celia, lived near the east gate. On the 28th of

June all day long a mob of one or two hundred roughs, with crowds of boys, stood at the gate of the Atwater place, shouting:

"Kill the foreigners, loot the houses."

Mr. Atwater came out once and addressed the crowd:

"Friends, don't make this disturbance; whoever would like to come in, I invite to come, and we will talk together."

When the crowd saw Mr. Atwater come out, they all retreated, but when he shut the gate they thronged back again with mad shouts. This happened several times. By six or seven in the evening the crowd had increased and gathered courage. The gate was broken down and they surged in, some shouting, some laying hands on whatever they could find to steal, some throwing stones and brickbats at the windows. As they rushed in, Mr. Atwater and his family walked through their midst and took refuge in the Yamen of the District Magistrate, which was near by. The Magistrate, not even waiting for his official chair, ran at once to the mission and arrested two men with his own hands. His attendants followed close behind him, and the mob scattered. The Magistrate then sent soldiers to stand guard at the mission gate, and the Atwaters came to live with the Prices. We expected the mob to make an attack on us that same night, but we were left in peace.

The next morning a church member hurried

in to tell us that it was rumored on the streets that a foreigner had been killed by Boxers, at a village three or four miles east of the city. We sent at once to the Yamen to learn whether this was true, and the messenger returned saying that it was true, for the village authorities had sent a notice to the Magistrate, asking him to come and examine the body. This report made us very anxious. Was this foreigner one of our Tai Ku friends, Mr. Davis, or Mr. Clapp, or Mr. Williams? Or was it someone coming to us from Tai Yuan Fu?

The Magistrate asked that one of our church-members go with him to identify the body, and Mr. Han went with the Yamen attendants, wearing the same official garments that they did, as it was feared that there would be a disturbance if it was known that he was a Christian. When the official arrived he found that the body had already been buried, but he commanded that it be disinterred. The Boxers' victim was not a foreigner, but a native, about fifty years old! Probably the Boxers, seeing him hurrying along in the darkness, thought he was a fugitive foreigner, and killed him by mistake.

When the official arrived all of the Boxers had scattered, but there were two women over thirty years old and a girl about seventeen, who walked to and fro, repeating their charms, and called out loudly:

"We are the Heavenly Fairy, the Sacred

Mother, come down to earth. We are sisters four."

They did not pay their respects to the official, but feigning madness, talked wildly, while a curious crowd surrounded them. The official feared to arouse opposition by punishing them there, so he persuaded them to get into a cart and accompany him into the city. Arriving at the Yamen he showed great anger, and, sitting at once on his judgment seat, summoned the women before him, first ordering that these "sacred mothers" be beaten two hundred strokes. When the beating began they still kept calling out that they were gods, but after twenty strokes they abandoned their claims and cried for mercy. The official was still angry, and after the beating was over, he asked:

"Do you still dare by your spooky words to mislead men?"

They knocked their heads on the ground, saying, "We will do so no more, we are truly penitent."

The Magistrate then commanded that they be led through the streets of the city as a warning to others. I saw them as they were led past our mission, crying as they went.

The Magistrate also issued a proclamation prohibiting Boxer drill, and the "Red Lanterns," a women's auxiliary. But alas! only a few days later the proclamations of the governor commanding Boxer drill and ordering that the

church be exterminated, were received, and our Magistrate was obliged to take down his own proclamation and post those of the governor.

Ten miles southeast of Fen Chou Fu, in the city of Hsiao I, were two ladies of the China Inland Mission, Miss Whitchurch and Miss Surel, who were very earnest workers and much beloved. On June 30 the missionaries at Fen Chou Fu sent a churchmember to see whether they were safe. He found that their door had been bricked up, and fragments of foreign books and other rubbish lay in the streets, while red-turbaned Boxers, with drawn swords, stood on guard. By inquiring elsewhere he learned that the two ladies had been cruelly killed the day before. A few days later we heard the sad story of their lingering death, as, hand in hand, kneeling in prayer, blows from the fists of the mob and brutal kicks rained down on their poor bodies. These were the first martyrs among the missionaries of Shansi, and like Jesus they died praying for their murderers. We all wept when these details and many others were told us, for we knew and loved these noble missionaries. Their sufferings were over, but our danger was greater, day by day. But still we were not hopeless, for our Magistrate was doing his utmost to protect us, and had sent four Yamen soldiers to guard our gate.

We heard from our Tai Ku mission that Mr. Davis and Miss Partridge had come to the city

for greater safety, and that all had gathered in one place, where they were in great danger, as mobs constantly congregated on the street by the mission.

Gathered with the missionaries at Fen Chou Fu were about twenty Chinese. We helped the missionaries to patrol the compound by day and night, and resolved with the few weapons which we could muster to defend our lives as long as possible. At first the missionaries had decided to offer no resistance to the mob which came to kill them, for though they could easily kill several, in the end their lives would be lost. The three ladies said:

"If our enemies come, by no means fire your guns. Let them do as they will."

So the missionaries buried their guns and ammunition, but afterward they thought, "If we offer no resistance, perhaps we men will be killed first, then a worse fate may befall the women. It will be better to resist as long as we can, then our enemies, in confusion and anger, will be likely to kill us all quickly." So they took their guns out again.

Mr. Atwater's two oldest girls, ten and eight years of age, were studying in a little school in Mr. Pigott's mission in Shou Yang. Before the middle of July rumors began to reach us that all of the missionaries there had been carried to Tai Yuan Fu, and that later there had been a terrible massacre of all the missionaries gathered there.

But the rumors were so conflicting that we still hoped against hope until the sad news was confirmed. Thirty-three Protestant missionaries, men, women, and little children, had been beheaded on the 9th of July, and Chinese Christians with them. Ernestine and Mary Atwater were with that company of martyrs. There was not one of our little Fen Chou Fu company who did not weep with Mr. and Mrs. Atwater that sad night when these tidings came.

One evening after the massacre at Tai Yuan Fu, just before sunset, a man hurried in to tell us that several hundred soldiers had come from Tai Yuan Fu and were now outside the city, ready to kill the missionaries that very night. This word greatly alarmed us, but the missionaries had no way to turn: they could only wait death. Mr. Price urged all of the Chinese to leave at once and flee for their lives. As they were going he gave each one a little money, and his horse to a servant. They parted with many tears.

After all the rest had gone I paced up and down the school court irresolute. It was already dark, and clouds were gathering for a storm. The court was silent as I walked there alone.

Just then Mr. Price came searching for me, and asked: "Where are you going?"

"I am not thinking of going anywhere," was my reply.

"You must escape now," said Mr. Price, "and

save your life. We foreigners would be recognized wherever we might go, so it is useless for us to flee. If there were hope, we would run too. There is hope that you might escape, and you cannot save us by remaining here."

When he had finished speaking he gave me a cash bill amounting to several dollars and urged me to leave at once. Still irresolute, I took the bill with bowed head and tears streaming from my eyes. Again Mr. Price tried to hasten my steps, saying:

"I know you love us, but you cannot help us by dying with us."

So picking up a quilt I grasped Mr. Price's hand in farewell and left. As I passed out through the compound gate I saw the Yamen soldiers with lighted lanterns guarding it, and feared that they would stop me, but one simply remarked, "Are you leaving too?" and with a groan I went on my way.

While I was talking with Mr. Price rain began to fall from the darkening clouds, and it poured down as I left the gate. As I walked out into the night I knew not where to go, for I had been in Fen Chou Fu only five or six months, and my duties as teacher had left me little time for getting acquainted or forming friendships. I could only pray that God would lead me, and guide me into the right path.

Suddenly I thought of a Shantung man named Wang from the same village as my brother-in-

law, who had been Mr. Atwater's cook, and who lived near the mission. "I will go there first, then decide what to do." Though his house was less than half a mile away, I was dripping-wet when I reached his door. I found Mr. Wang, his wife, and two children in great confusion, preparing for immediate flight, and the signs of their fear increased my own unrest.

The man of whom Mr. Wang rented his house was serving as an official in another province, but his two sons were living nearby. When I knocked at Mr. Wang's door, they followed me, and seeing my pitiable plight they began very earnestly to counsel us. The elder brother said:

"I do not think you ought to stay here. Go to some other place, about a hundred miles away, rent a little house, and set up idols. By no means worship Jesus any more? You two men can peddle garters"—a common trade with Chihli and Shantung men.

Then addressing me alone, he continued:

"Get up at once, go back to the mission, and steal the gold watches and all other articles of value which you can find. Then wherever you go you can get food and drink. If you don't take these things they'll soon fall into the hands of outsiders. Quick, quick! Don't hesitate about it! I'll go with you."

My heart was filled with grief as the man poured out this evil talk, but it was no time to answer him. I saw that Mr. Wang and I could

not help one another, and at once the thought came to me, "Since the people outside are so wicked and cause me such sorrow, wouldn't it be better to go back to the mission, to those whom I love, and trust my life to God's protection?"

Immediately I bade them good-by, and started to retrace my steps. The rain had ceased, but it was pitch-dark, and my shoes were full of mud when I reached the mission. It was about nine o'clock. The gate was shut, but not locked, and pushing it open I went to my own room in the school court. The lamp was still burning as I had left it on my hasty departure. After resting a few minutes I went to Mr. Price's court. He and Mr. Lundgren stood there, each holding a gun. Seeing me, Mr. Price was both startled and pleased, and stepping up he held my hand and asked:

"Why have you come back?"

I told him my story, adding, "I truly have no place to go. I want to stay with you."

That night was a time of great unrest. We were not afraid of death, but standing thus at death's door, our thoughts flew back over the past and forward into the future, so no one slept except the three children. Midnight passed, and all was quiet. Perhaps no one was coming that night to kill us. The three ladies went to their rooms to rest, and Mr. Atwater and Mr. Lundgren went into the house. Mr. Price urged me to

go and rest, but there was so much in my heart that I knew I could not sleep, so I replied, "I am not sleepy."

He said, "If you do not wish to rest, come, let us take a walk."

So I went with him to a court at the back which was filled with flowers and a few small trees which Mr. Price had planted himself. The flowers were luxuriant and fragrant in their mid-summer beauty, and carrying our guns we paced back and forth for an hour talking confidentially. Mr. Price first said:

"It is past midnight. I do not think anyone is coming to harm us to-night."

Then he asked me if I had been happy during my two years in Shansi, and if I felt that I had grown in my religious life. After we had conversed a long time he said:

"Though I know that we are now in the greatest danger, and that there is little hope that our lives will be saved, I am glad that God has used me in His holy work here. I am not sorry that I came as a missionary to China." Then he added:

"Though no one is likely to come to-night we cannot tell how soon we shall be in peril. I fervently hope that God will save your life, and use you in carrying on His work, and I hope also that you can tell others the story of our life during these days." Later Mr. Price said:

"Last night I buried eighty taels of silver and

two boxes of valuables. After our death, if you can escape and return in peace, you can excavate them and use them. Your brother-in-law, Liu Ch'eng Lung, is my beloved friend. For many years he has helped me in this school. If he is not killed, you two may divide these things."

When he had finished speaking, he led me to the spot where the boxes were buried.

Grief and joy mingled in my heart that night, grief that the friends whom I loved were in such extremity and I was powerless to help them; joy that Mr. Price could love me so much, look on me as a member of his own family, and tell me the secret thoughts of his heart. It made me love him more than ever to be treated thus. Gladly would I die with him.

A few days later I knew the origin of the report that several hundred soldiers had come from Tai Yuan Fu expressly to kill the foreigners. Several hundred were really passing Fen Chou Fu on their way to another place, where there was danger of a riot.

On the morning of July 20 the Magistrate, with ten soldiers and underlings, went through the west gate of the city to the village of Shih T'a, two miles away. There he arrested our little Christian community, between ten and twenty men, women, and children, and while they were being led into the city, a mob looted their homes. They were brought before the Magis-

trate, but had no trial. He simply commanded that each man in the company be beaten three hundred strokes. Then while the blood was streaming down their limbs, the Magistrate said:

"There is an edict commanding you to recant and leave the foreigners. If you do not recant, your lives are in danger. I have beaten you to-day because I want to save your lives."

He then commanded that all be led to one of the city temples to worship the gods, after which they were to return to the Yamen and pledge themselves under seal to leave the church and cease all intercourse with foreigners.

For two or three weeks proclamations had been out ordering Christians to recant, and that same day one was posted in our gateway. Christians were also ordered to leave the missionaries and go to their homes. Then four Yamen men stationed at the gate were ordered to prevent the missionaries from passing out and in, also to shut out Chinese who attempted to see the missionaries. The next day all of the Christians left the compound except myself and five others, two of whom were servants.

Several other Christians were taken to the Yamen and beaten. A man named Han, who had been a helper in the church for three or four years, was so alarmed at this that he went himself to the Yamen and asked the privilege of recanting. The official gave him a card to show in proof that he had renounced his religion, and he

wore this constantly, and went about telling people that he had recanted, hoping thus to escape the Boxers. He was the first of the Protestants and Catholics in Fen Chou Fu to renounce his faith, and his example was soon followed by many others. This is not strange, for they had been in the church only a few years, and the government had commanded them to recant, but it brought to the missionaries keener sorrow than all the danger and trouble of the Boxer persecutions.

In this time of desertion and sorrow, the devotion of Li Yü (Hei Kou) was a great comfort to the missionaries. He had joined us July 6, coming from Tai Ku because he felt that he was more needed in Fen Chou Fu. He had been Dr. Atwood's medical assistant, and was well known in the city, where he had made friends with officials and men in business, so that in this time of stress his aid was invaluable to the missionaries.

Words cannot describe the longing of our hearts to penetrate the darkness that shut us in like a pall. With the exception of those at Tai Ku all of the missionaries within two hundred miles were either dead or fugitives, and every mission building was in ruins. For two months we had received no trustworthy news from Peking or Tientsin, and did not know whether the foreigners there were dead or alive. Had a foreign army come to deliver them? Did they know of the bitter suffering through which the Shansi

church was passing? Fruitless efforts had been made to send messages to the coast. The ominous silence was so hard to bear; we would try again.

Our regular messengers, who were so well known on the road, could not go. Li Yü found one outsider who demanded forty taels (about thirty dollars) before he would start out on the journey to Tientsin, and Mr. Price promised him much more if he brought a return message. We could ill spare this money from our scanty hoard, but perhaps he could carry to Tientsin the news of the desperate straits of Tai Ku and Fen Chou Fu, left like little islands in an ocean of destruction, and deliverance might yet come before it was too late. Day and night we hoped and prayed that God would protect this messenger, that he might go and come in peace, and bring good tidings to comfort our burdened hearts. So twenty days passed, and the messenger returned. He said that he had gone as far as Pao Ting Fu, but beyond all was in confusion and he was obliged to turn back. He said that the foreigners had all left Pao Ting Fu, and gave us other information, so like the rumors current in Fen Chou Fu that we doubted a little, but his face was bronzed as if by travelling. Perhaps he had really been to Pao Ting Fu. A few days later we were told that he had not even started toward Tientsin, but had gone into the mountains to

work in the opium fields, returning in due time to tell his plausible lies.

Late in July a proclamation of the governor was posted in the city in which occurred the words, "Exterminate foreigners, kill devils." Native Christians must leave the church or pay the penalty with their lives. Li Yü and I talked long and earnestly over plans for saving the lives of our beloved missionaries. "You must not stay here waiting for death," we said. Yet we realized how difficult it would be to escape. Foreigners with light hair and fair faces are not easily disguised. Then where could they go? Eastward toward the coast all was in tumult. Perhaps the provinces to the south were just as bad. Our best way would be to find a place of concealment in the mountains. Li Yü and I thought that the chances of escape would be better if the missionaries divided into two companies; they must carry food, clothing, and bedding, and the large company would surely attract attention. Moreover, if they were in two parties, and one was killed, the other might escape. So Li Yü and I went to talk the matter over with Mr. Han, the former helper, and a Deacon Wang. Both of these men had recanted, but they still loved their foreign friends. Deacon Wang, who lived in a village over ten miles from Fen Chou Fu, wished to conceal Mr. and Mrs. Price and little Florence in his home for a day or two, and then take them very secretly to a broken-

down temple in the mountains. Li Yü said to me:

"If you can escape with Mr. and Mrs. Price to the mountains, I will try to take the Atwaters, Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren, and Miss Eldred to another place in the mountains."

But when I proposed this plan to Mr. and Mrs. Price, they said:

"We missionaries do not wish to be separated. We must be in one place, and if we die we want to die together."

When I spoke to them again about going, they said:

"Thank you for your love, but we do not want to desert the other missionaries."

"You will not be deserting them," I pleaded. "If you decide to flee with me, Mr. Li will do his best to escape with the others."

Then I brought forward all my arguments to persuade them. Again all consulted together, and decided to go. I think this was the last day of July—the very day of the Tai Ku tragedy. Mr. and Mrs. Price made up two bundles of baggage and gave to Mr. Han, to be carried secretly to Deacon Wang's home. Mr. Han paid a large price for a covered cart to wait for us secretly at ten o'clock in the evening at the gate of an old temple north of the mission. We were to walk to the cart, as it would attract attention if the cart stopped near the mission. We could not leave by the front gate, for the four Yamen men were

guarding it; and patrolling the streets in front by day and night were twenty soldiers, ostensibly protecting us, but, as we surmised, stationed there to prevent the escape of the foreigners. I went privately to the back of the compound and unlocked an unused gate, removing also a stone which helped to keep it shut. I had already made up a bundle to carry with me, and asked Mr. Jen, a Christian enquirer, to take care of it while I was helping Mr. and Mrs. Price to get ready. After I had opened the gate I asked Mr. Jen to wait there until I went into the south court to call the Prices.

Man proposes, but God disposes. A Mr. Wang who had often come to the mission knew that we were planning to escape that night and saw me give my bundle to Mr. Jen. Thinking that it must contain some valuable things belonging to the Prices, an evil thought entered his heart. He watched when Mr. Jen laid the bundle in a small empty room close by the gate, and after he came out, Mr. Wang went into the room. Mr. Jen thought nothing of this, supposing that Mr. Wang was a friend. But in a minute he saw Mr. Wang rush out of the room, leap over the wall, and run away. Going at once into the room and not finding the bundle, he lost his head completely, and set up a loud wail. His one thought was that he had been faithless to his trust, and sitting down in the back gate which I had opened so secretly, he cried at the top of his voice, thus

bringing to naught our carefully laid plans to escape. Up ran the four Yamen men and the soldiers from the street. Everyone in the compound appeared on the scene. When I heard his outcry I thought that he had received some serious injury. All gathered about him asking his trouble, but overcome with emotion he jumped up and down, slapping his legs and crying lustily. Finally he managed to say through his tears, " Mr. Fay, Mr. Wang has stolen the things which you gave me."

When I heard this I could neither laugh nor cry nor storm at him. The Yamen men and soldiers at once picked up their lanterns and began to search. When they saw that the back gate had been unlocked and the stone removed, not knowing that I had done it, they began to scold and mutter:

" These things! How contemptible they are! When did they open this gate in order to steal the foreigners' things? "

As they muttered they locked the gate and replaced the stone, then left two men to guard it.

It was after midnight when this commotion was over, and every gate was guarded. Mr. Price and I saw that it would be impossible to get out that night. Even if we could leave the compound, we could not reach Deacon Wang's before daylight. If we attempted it, the Prices would not be saved, and Deacon Wang's whole family would be endangered.

So I went alone outside the compound to tell Mr. Han to dismiss the cart. As soon as he saw me, he said quickly:

"It is indeed well that the Prices have not come. I just came across several thieves, and was mistaken for one of their company. One of them said to me, 'If you get anything, you must divide with me.' If the Prices had come out, I fear they would have been killed."

The next day we consulted again about flight. Li Yü said:

"Let us flee all together to the mountains from thirty to sixty miles away."

So we hired a large cart and loaded it with food and other necessities, and sent it ahead of us into the mountains. Two Christian enquirers went with the cart to guard it. When it had entered the mountains about seven miles from the city, suddenly a man ran up and said to the enquirers:

"Run quick for your lives! Your mission in the city is burning, and the foreigners have all been killed."

As soon as they had jumped down from the cart and run away, rascals came up and stole all that was on the cart.

When we heard this we gave up all hope of escape, especially as we were told that bad men in the city had heard of our intention, and were hiding outside the city day and night ready to kill and rob the foreigners if they should appear.

So we talked no more of fleeing, but committed our lives into the hands of our Heavenly Father, to do as seemed to Him best. We had little hope that we would be saved. Still we kept guard every night, Mr. Atwater and Mr. Lundgren being on duty the first half of the night, and Mr. Price and I the last half. At that time all of the servants had left us, and Mrs. Price did all the cooking, Mrs. Lundgren and Miss Eldred helping her. It was the hottest time in summer, and Mrs. Price stood over the stove with flushed face wet with perspiration. Li Yü and I were so sorry for her, and wanted to help her, but alas! neither of us knew how to cook foreign food, so we could only wash the dishes and help to wash the clothes.

Li Yü was so helpful those days. He alone went outside the compound to see the Magistrate, to transact business, to purchase food, and every day to get the news.

August had come, and we were still alive. Could it be that God, wishing to show His mighty power, would out of that whole province of Shansi save the missionaries at Fen Chou Fu and Tai Ku?

The second day of August, a little after noon, a man came into our compound with the saddest story that our ears had heard during those sad summer days. He was Mrs. Clapp's cook, and two days before, in the afternoon, he had fled from the Tai Ku compound when flame and

sword and rifle were doing their murderous work. As he fled he saw Mr. Clapp, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Davis making a last vain effort to keep back the mob of hundreds of soldiers and Boxers, and saw Mrs. Clapp, Miss Partridge, Miss Bird, and Ruth taking refuge in a little court in the back of the compound. Miss Bird had said to him as he ran:

"Be quick! be quick!"

Over the compound wall, then the city wall, he had taken shelter in a field of grain, where he still heard the howling of the mob and saw the heavens gray with smoke from the burning buildings. He hid in the grain until morning broke, then started on his journey to Fen Chou Fu.

So to our little company waiting so long in the valley of the shadow of death, came the tidings that our Tai Ku missionaries had crossed the river. Several native Christians who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, had gone with the martyr band. Eagerly I asked about my sister, her husband and child. The messenger did not know whether they were living or dead—only that they had been staying in the mission buildings outside the city. Two days later full accounts of the massacre reached us, and I knew that they were among the slain.

Bitter were the tears which we shed together that afternoon. It seemed as if my heart was breaking as I thought of the cruel death of those

whom I loved so much, and whom I should never again see on earth. What words can tell my grief? I could not sleep that night, nor for many nights following. I thought how lovingly Mr. and Mrs. Clapp had nursed me through my long illness. I wept for Miss Bird, who had sympathized with me and helped me. "My dear ones, my dear ones, who loved and helped me as if I were your very flesh and blood, who brought so much joy and peace to the lonely one far from his home, who worked so earnestly for God, who pitied and helped the suffering and poor, would that I could have died for you! Could my death have saved one of you, gladly would I have laid down my life."

I wept for my sister, my gentle, loving sister, looking up into the heaven to which she had gone, crying:

"My loved sister, my own sister, would I could have died for you! God grant that I may join you in a few days."

I mourned for the two babes, hers and Mrs. Sang's, only a year old, who had gone with their parents. Yet why should I mourn for these who had gone to heaven before earth's stain and trouble touched their hearts? Mrs. Price wept with me for my sister, who was her dear, intimate friend during the many years when Fen Chou Fu had been their home, saying through her tears:

"Since I have been in China these ten years

I have loved no other woman as I loved your sister."

Ten or fifteen of my Tai Ku scholars were among the martyrs, five or six of them young men of my own age. I mourned them, saying:

"My loved scholars, I had hoped that you would be pillars in God's church, but now in your youth you have left me."

Among the scores killed at Tai Ku were many whom I knew and loved. As I thought of one and another, a knife pierced my heart. "Great is the sin of the Boxers; greater is the sin of those who permitted the Boxers to do these things. Calamity will come upon you; the God of justice will reward you according to your sins."

As one sleepless night came after another I wept and thought and thought and wept, until sometimes I would start up, thinking it was all a dream, and I would say:

"My dear ones, are you truly all dead?"

The Tai Ku missionaries were gone, the Christians were killed or scattered, the buildings were all burned. We of Fen Chou Fu alone were left. We all thought that our day was at hand, but God still kept us for nearly two weeks. And now I want to tell you the story of those remaining days.

Last Days at Fen Chou Fu

THE next day after we heard of the Tai Ku tragedy a man ran in to tell us that several hundred Boxers were coming from the east. They were those who had killed the missionaries at Tai Ku, and now they were resting in a village outside the east gate, prepared to attack our mission that afternoon. We all believed this report, for we were hourly expecting death. There was nothing the foreigners could do but to wait for the end. Mr. Price urged me to leave them at once and flee. Mr. Price, Mrs. Atwater, Mrs. Lundgren, and Miss Eldred all gave me letters to home friends. All of my foreign friends shook hands with me at parting, and Mrs. Atwater said, with tears in her eyes:

"May the Lord preserve your life, and enable you to tell our story to others."

Miss Eldred had prepared for herself a belt into which was stitched forty taels of silver. She thought that she was standing at the gate of death and would have no use for money, so she gave it to me for my travelling expenses. Mrs. Price gave me her gold watch and an

envelope on which an address was written, and asked me to take the watch to Tientsin and find someone who would send it to her father. Before I went out of the I gate I saw Mrs. Price holding her little daughter to her heart, kissing her through her tears, and heard her say:

"If the Boxers come to-day, I want my little Florence to go before I do."

My heart was pierced with grief as I saw the sad plight of my friends, but I could do nothing for them. Had I died with them it could not have helped them. So we parted with many tears.

It was two o'clock when I left. As I came out of the gate I saw several hundred men standing outside. Most of these were loafers who had come as to a show, some were ruffians who had come hoping for a chance to loot the mission.

For two months crowds had been coming to the gate to see what might happen, for the city was full of rumors about our impending fate. So there were always people loafing at the gate. When I came out from the gate my heart was fearful, but I kept a calm exterior, and so passed through the crowd unharmed.

When I left the mission I did not know where I ought to go, but I was determined not to start for home until I knew what fate befell my foreign friends. I would hide away until the flood abated and I could know what had hap-

pened. Where should I hide? I knew no one outside the church, so I decided to look for Mr. Han, who had been my friend. When I reached his home I saw an expression of fear on his face. He was just preparing to leave. Seeing me, he said:

"You can go with me."

I did not know where he was taking me, but followed him silently through crooks and turns until we reached an inn inside the South Gate. The innkeeper was a relative of Deacon Wang's and Mr. Han was acquainted with him. Entering the inn yard, we went to a small, two-story building in the rear, and going into a room shut the door. Then we dared to speak. Mr. Han said:

"This is a very retired place, and the Boxers will not find us easily here."

It seemed to me like a very quiet, peaceful refuge, but when I thought that my foreign friends would soon leave this earth, my heart burned with unrest, and I paced to and fro listening intently to every sound. But there was no sign of tumult in the city all that afternoon. Mr. Han said to me:

"Brother, I am very glad that you have left the mission, but I think you are still in great danger. I exhort you to go at once to the Yamen and beseech the Magistrate to permit you to recant and also to give you a card of proof that you have left the church, such as I have. This

will insure your life, and if by chance you should fall into the hands of the Boxers we would have words wherewith to defend you."

I replied, "Thank you for your interest in me. I know you plan thus because you love me, but this plan does not commend itself to me. Your position and mine are different, the favor received from our Heavenly Father and our religious culture are not the same. From a little child I have been with the missionaries, for about fifteen years I have been in the mission schools. I have had more instruction than you have. You have been a Christian only four or five years, so I have nothing to say about your recantation. But I shall certainly not give up my religion; were I to do it, my heart would never again be at peace."

Mr. Han said, "This great persecution has indeed caused me to backslide. I'll tell you the exact state of my mind. Not only have I left the church, but I never want my son to be in the church again."

At seven or eight in the evening, no tidings having reached us, we thought our foreign friends must still be alive. Mr. Han, without telling me where he was going, ordered me to accompany him. I followed him blindly through winding ways until we left the city by the East Gate and reached a dirty, broken-down inn close by. Several tens of muleteers were lodging here on their way to Yung Ning Chou, over fifty

miles away. After we had entered the inn Mr. Han said to me:

"I don't think you ought to stay in Fen Chou Fu. I want to talk to the muleteers about taking you to Yung Ning Chou to-morrow. There I can commission friends to care for you. But I charge you by no means to let it be known that you are a Christian. In answer to questions you can say that your brother is a small official in the province of Ssu Ch'uan, and you are going to see him."

I was grieved when I heard this, because I was determined to know certainly the fate of my foreign friends, so I declined Mr. Han's proposal. He then repeated his earnest advice to recant, but I replied:

"Please do not urge me more. To me it seems better not to recant and to die than to recant and live. I positively refuse to do it."

I did not sleep that night for four reasons: I had too many thoughts in my heart, the muleteers kept up a constant hubbub, Mr. Han and I had no bedding and used broken bricks for pillows, and mosquitoes, fleas and other vermin gave us much too warm a reception. So we tossed restlessly all night, and as soon as the city gates opened in the morning we returned to the inn by the South Gate.

Immediately I began to suffer great pain, and was soon very ill with dysentery. Then for the

third time Mr. Han tempted me to recant, saying:

"There is something very hard which I want you to promise me to do."

"I will if I can," I answered.

"It is that matter I urged upon you yesterday. You need not exert yourself in the least. Just give the word, and I'll go to the Yamen and manage it for you."

Mr. Han's repeated entreaties were prompted by his affection for me, but he did not know my heart. He continued:

"If you really recant, not only will you preserve your own life, but you will avoid involving me in trouble by being with me."

I answered quickly:

"I cannot recant. Since my foreign friends are still living, I will return to them as soon as I am well enough to go. I certainly do not wish to bring you into trouble."

That evening Mr. Han returned to his home, and I was left alone in the inn. My dysentery was no better, and a heavy burden was on my heart as I thought of the relatives who were gone, of the relatives who were still living, and of the dear ones then standing at death's door. My heart went out most toward my parents. If they should hear of the cruel murder of my sister, they would be overwhelmed with anguish. God seemed very near to me that night, even at my very side, comforting my heart sorrow, and

I prayed that He would do for me according to His own sweet will; if my time had come, that He would take me to the home of joy, or if it was His will, to let me go back to T'ungchou and see the face of father and mother. Still more earnestly I prayed that my parents might be comforted, and not sorrow overmuch.

Morning came; there was no improvement in my illness, and I was very weak. After noon Mr. Han burst in suddenly, saying:

"Mr. Fay, why did you take forty taels from Miss Eldred? I want a clear understanding with you. I have not even seen that money, and you must not implicate me because you have been with me these two or three days. If you have taken money from the foreigners, return it at once. Mr. Lundgren has told one of the Yamen men that you took silver from them. Decide quickly what to do."

Hearing these words I was struck with consternation and grief, and regardless of my sickness I started at once for the mission. The sun was sinking toward the west when I went into the quiet, deserted compound. When I entered Mr. Price's court I saw Mrs. Price washing dishes in the kitchen. The three days since I had left them seemed like three months, so as soon as Mrs. Price saw me, rejoicing greatly she took me into the house. I sank down on a couch, weeping so bitterly that I could not speak. Seeing this, Mrs. Price's eyes filled with tears of

sympathy, and coming to my side she laid her hands on my shoulder, saying:

"Mr. Fay, do not cry, do not cry."

As soon as I could command my voice, I said, "Now I hate Mr. Lundgren, because he told the Yamen men that I had stolen your silver."

Meanwhile Mr. Price, Mr. Lundgren, and others, hearing of my return, had entered the room. Seeing my distress, Mr. Lundgren gently comforted and exhorted me saying:

"Mr. Fay, I will tell you why it was said that you had stolen our silver. Yesterday I said to a Yamen man, 'When Mr. Fay went away, Miss Eldred gave him forty taels for travelling expenses. If he knew that we were still living, he would surely return it to us, for he knows that we need it.' I did not say that you had stolen the money. That is a lie gotten up by the Yamen men. Do not be troubled."

Hearing these gentle words of Mr. Lundgren's, my hatred all melted, and I apologized for my hasty words.

Then I told them my trials of the past three days, and why I had been unable to return to them sooner, adding:

"I little thought that I would ever see your faces again."

Then I returned to them the money, the watch, and the letters, and Mr. Lundgren brought me a suit of his own clothes to put on. Mr. Price gave me medicine and I went to rest with a

very happy heart. In two days I was well again.

It was fortunate for me that the missionaries were not killed that night when I left them, for had I reurned to Peking all who knew me in Fen Chou Fu would have said that I stole the money, and if I had not escaped from the Yamen men they would have tortured me to get the money. After a day or two I heard a rumor that the Yamen men were saying that I had stolen four hundred taels, so Mr. Price called the men in and said to them:

"Mr. Fay is our good friend; he has not stolen a single cash of ours."

Mr. Price told me that after I left it was reported that I had recanted and had been seen walking on the street wearing one of the recantation cards. "I could not believe that you had recanted, so I am very glad that you have come back to us."

While I was away the Magistrate had sent for Li Yü and demanded that all the firearms of the foreigners be given up to him. Li Yü replied, "I know the missionaries will use their weapons only in self-defence."

The Magistrate was very angry, and ordered that Li Yü be beaten three hundred blows, with eighty additional blows on his lips because he had used the word "I" in speaking to the Magistrate, instead of the humble "little one" which was customary. Li Yü was then locked in the

jail, and the Magistrate sent men to the mission to demand the firearms. The missionaries could not refuse to comply, so their two shotguns and two revolvers were given up.

In the imprisonment of Li Yü the missionaries lost their right arm. We were very anxious about him, so I went to one of the Yamen men who were guarding our gate and asked if I could go to see Li Yü. At first he refused, but after I had promised him some money he consented to take me. So the next day I went with him to the jail in the Yamen. It was a tiny room without a window, but with a square opening to admit light and air. It was full of filth and weltering with midsummer heat. As I entered I saw Li Yü lying on a little k'ang. Seeing me his eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed:

"Little did I think it would come to this! Not only am I powerless to help the missionaries, but my own fate is uncertain."

He then showed me his poor, bruised body with black welts, one piece of mangled flesh half putrid, and the blood oozing from another cruel cut. His face was badly swollen, and my heart went out in deep pity, but what could I do for him? After speaking words of comfort, I rose to depart. Li Yü said:

"If you come here often, I fear it will get you into trouble. This isn't a place for you to visit."

I nodded my head, but in my heart I said:

"Unless they hinder my coming, I want to come every day."

When I reached the mission I told about Li Yü, and they were deeply grieved. The next day Mrs. Price sent me to Li Yü with ointment and bandages. After I had been to the jail once or twice, and had given a little money to the Yamen men, they made no objection to my daily visits, and I continued them until we left Fen Chou Fu. I really do not know whence my courage came those days.

In this time of need two Christians named Chang and Tien came to help the missionaries. They worked for Mrs. Price to the last. The sufferings of the missionaries were indeed sore. Their patience and perfect trust in God greatly moved my heart. In the summer heat Mrs. Price three times a day hung over the stove preparing food for her family of ten, yet I never heard a word of complaint. Her face was always peaceful, and often she sang as she went about her work.

One evening when we were all standing in the yard together Mrs. Price said to me:

"These days my thoughts are much on 'the things above.' Sometimes when I think of the sufferings through which my loved friends passed it seems as if a voice from heaven said to me, 'Dear sister, see how happy we are now; all of earth's sufferings are over, and if our sor-

rows on earth are compared with our bliss in heaven, they are nothing, nothing."

Miss Eldred was very young, and had come from England only a year or two before, so she could speak little Chinese. The expression of her gentle face moved one to pity. When she was not helping Mrs. Price, she played outdoors with the three children, and gave Mrs. Price's little daughter music lessons.

When I saw how peaceful and patient all the missionaries were, I thought of the words which Isaiah spoke about our Lord Jesus. "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." These words were fulfilled that summer with the missionaries, who were worthy disciples of their Master.

We still patrolled the place at night, I continuing to take my turn with Mr. Price in the last half of the night. So I had an opportunity for forming a most intimate friendship with Mr. Price. He told me many things during those long hours, sometimes relating his own experiences when a soldier during the American Civil War. And I told him about my life at home and at school, about the tender love of my parents and many things about China. It was past the tenth of the seventh moon, so there was bright moonlight, the night air was cool, and silence brooded over the city as we walked to and fro,

talking heart to heart. Sometimes the silence was broken by the mournful howling of wolves, for we were near a corner of the city, the mountains were not far away, and often wolves came near the city to hunt for dead bodies.

I slept much in the daytime; also going to the Yamen to see Li Yü. Sometimes I would manage to give him a little money, unobserved by the Yamen men, who would have taken it away had they seen it.

Every day at sunset I played with Florence Price and Celia and Bertha Atwater. Ever since I had come to Fen Chou Fu I had played an hour with Florence. This had been good for both of us, for me because I learned English by talking with her, and for Florence because she had no children for companions and was very lonely. If there was a day when something prevented my going to her as usual, she would come or send for me. When Mr. Atwater moved to the same place his two little girls were very fond of romping with me too. I often carried the children on my shoulder, and they loved me very much. At seven o'clock, when their mothers called them to go to bed, all three would kiss me, saying: "Good-night, Mr. Fay, good-night. Pleasant dreams, pleasant dreams." So it was until the day when they left the earth.

At this time it seemed as if the Boxer trouble might be over. There were few rumors on the streets, and there had never been organized

Boxer bands in Fen Chou Fu. So our hearts were more peaceful. Perhaps it was God's will after all to save our little band. Still no word reached us from the outside world. We walked on in the darkness. It was because of the friendliness of the Fen Chou Fu Magistrate that the little Christian community there was preserved so long after the floods of destruction had swept over every other mission in the province. His superior officer, the Prefect, a weak old man, died July 27. Upon the character of his successor might depend the life or death of the missionaries.

On August 12 the new Prefect appointed by the governor arrived from Tai Yuan Fu. He was a man of great learning but little practical ability, the tool of the governor, who had sent him expressly to murder the foreigners. So he made their extermination his first business on reaching Fen Chou Fu. It was the 13th when he took the seals of office, and that same day he went to the Magistrate and upbraided him for his remissness in the work of massacre. "In this whole province of Shansi the foreigners are killed and expelled, only those in Fen Chou Fu still live in peace." The Magistrate replied: "The foreigners here are all good men. In all the years they have lived here they have been at peace with the people, and have never caused a disturbance."

The Prefect uttered an ejaculation of anger,

returned to his sedan chair in a rage, and was carried back to his own Yamen. Almost immediately the Magistrate called on him, but the Prefect refused to see him. The Prefect then summoned Lü Cheng San, who commanded the local soldiery, and the two were closeted together for a long time plotting the massacre of the foreigners. So fearful were they that their words might be overheard, that they communicated in writing.

At noon on the 14th of August the Prefect sent word to the mission that a band of soldiers would be sent next day to escort the foreigners on their way toward Tientsin. The missionaries were very reluctant to go, as they knew that great danger and suffering awaited them on the journey. Moreover, the time for Mrs. Atwater's confinement was not far distant. So they sent me to the Yamen of our old friend, the Magistrate, to inquire the reason for the order, and to ask him to intercede with the Prefect in their behalf, beseeching him to permit them to remain until peace was restored. When I reached the Yamen I first saw an under official named Li Wan Chung and asked him to present my request to the Magistrate. He returned saying that the Magistrate had no authority in the matter, as the Prefect had made the plan. When I gave the missionaries this answer they said:

"We want to go to the Magistrate ourselves, and tell him our sore straits. Perhaps he will

pity us, and contrive some way so that we can remain here."

So taking Mr. Price's card I returned to the Yamen, and sent the card in to the Magistrate by Li Wan Chung. Li came back saying:

"It won't do! It won't do! Don't you know that all the people on the street are saying that the Magistrate has been bribed by the foreigners? He has already incurred the displeasure of the Prefect, and really does not dare to see the foreigners."

I entreated most earnestly for my friends, and asked if there was not some way to prevent their being sent away. Li replied:

"There is no help for it. The Prefect says that if you don't go you will be driven out of the city with whips. There is no way but for you to prepare for the journey."

He added deceptive words, trying to convince me that the Prefect had no evil intention, but meant to send us in peace to Tientsin. In conclusion he said:

"The journey will be much less dangerous than it would have been two months ago, for the Boxers are quiet now."

There was reason in what he said, and he showed me the despatch in regard to escorting the foreigners to Tientsin. There was nothing objectionable in it. It stated that since war had broken out with foreign countries it was the will of the Empress Dowager that all for-

eigners should be escorted safely out of the country.

When I returned to the mission with a report of this interview the missionaries resigned themselves to the inevitable, and commenced their preparations for leaving the next day. All that afternoon we were very busy collecting and packing the things which we must use on the long journey of five hundred miles, which would take two or three weeks. The missionaries counted all the money in their possession, and found that it amounted to only a little over a hundred taels. This little hoard would have been spent long before had they not observed the strictest economy, for no money had been received from Tientsin for three or four months. How could more than ten people take the journey to Tientsin unless more money could be obtained? So Mr. Price sent me back to the Yamen to ask the Magistrate if he would give us the needed silver and take our two mission compounds in Fen Chou Fu as security. Li Wan Chung reported after interviewing the Magistrate that the mission buildings had already been confiscated, so the missionaries had no control over them. And the Magistrate had no money to lend to foreigners. Earnestly I entreated, saying:

"How can ten or more people make that journey without money? I beseech you, see the Magistrate again in our behalf."

I then mentioned the fact that the missionaries owned a place six miles from the city where they sometimes went in the summer. It was worth two thousand taels, and I entreated Li Wan Chung to let the missionaries sell this property to get money for travelling expenses. He consented on condition that I give him several taels if the property was sold.

That same evening a man came from the Yamen saying that the Magistrate had received an offer of one hundred and fifty taels for the place. Everyone knew that the missionaries were compelled to sell, so no more would be given. So the papers were made out, and it was arranged that I should go to the Yamen early the next morning to get the money.

In the afternoon of this same day, when in the Magistrate's Yamen, I went to the jail to bid Li Yü good-by. He had heard that the missionaries were to be escorted away the next day. Tears came to his eyes when he saw me, and he said:

"Brother, I have asked a friend, Li Ching Fang, to care for you. He lives not far from the city and has promised to hide you and preserve your life. Or if you want to go to the home of my brother's father-in-law outside the North Gate, he will certainly help you to hide. A myriad times I beseech you not to go with the missionaries, for I have been told that all of them are to be killed before they reach P'ing Yao (a city twenty-seven

miles away). If you go with them, you can't help them, and you will probably lose your life. You must flee to-night to one of the places which I have mentioned."

This made little impression on me, for I had been hardened to hearing such rumors. For two or three months there had not been a day when men had not been saying on the street: "To-day the foreigners will be killed," or "To-morrow the houses will be burned."

So although Li Yü told me so plainly that the foreigners would never reach P'ing Yao alive, I did not lay it to heart; but answered:

"If I do not go with them, I am afraid their difficulties on the journey will be still greater. Perhaps I can help them a little. Then the Boxers have subsided and the Prefect will send twenty soldiers as an escort; so though there will be dangers by the way, I hope we may still reach Tientsin. I have determined, whatever may happen, to go with the missionaries."

Seeing that further words were of no use, Li Yü said, "May you and the missionaries reach Tientsin in safety."

Li Yü also told me that the Magistrate had intended to send him that very day to Tai Ku, his native district, but that the new Prefect wished to examine him before he left. "If he calls me before him to-day I shall witness with all my strength to the goodness of the missionaries, and

entreat him to allow them to remain in Fen Chou Fu."

My time was very limited, so we could not talk long, but parted, weeping.

Already the rumor was afloat in the city that the foreigners were to be sent out of the province, and when I returned to the mission I found the street packed with people who had come to see what might happen.

At sunset a man interested in Christianity, who had a printing establishment in the city, came to see me. This Mr. Kuo had been a friend of my brother-in-law, and had been very kind to me since I came to Fen Chou Fu. At great personal risk he came to the mission, and, when he saw me, said:

"Find a quiet place; I have something to say to you."

I led him to a vacant space in the back court near the wall. He said, "On the street all are saying that the Prefect is going to escort the foreigners away from the province. Is it true?"

"Is it true," I answered. "Word has come from the Yamen."

"What is your intention?"

"I shall go with the missionaries."

With many words he exhorted me, "A myriad times, don't go with them. I know that you will certainly meet danger on the way. Your brother-in-law is already dead. You must not be obstinate about this."

Long we talked about it, and at last I said, "Thank you much for your kind intention, but I have decided positively to go with the missionaries."

So he could only bid me good-by, and leave the dangerous place to which he had come because of his love for me.

That evening Mr. Price said to me, "We must go to-morrow; there is no help for it, though I know that we shall meet danger by the way. We can only entrust ourselves to the care of the Almighty Lord, to do as He wills. But I do not know what you think about yourself. If you want to go with us, you will be of great assistance to us on the journey, but you will share our danger. If you wish to flee alone, I will give you a little silver for your travelling expenses and to-morrow after we are gone you can escape for your life. I want you to decide for yourself."

I answered, "I have already decided, no matter what comes, to go with you."

When he heard this Mr. Price was both glad and fearful—glad for my help on the journey, fearful because of the danger which I would incur. Mr. Chang and Mr. Tien, who had been helping at the mission for several days, also decided to accompany them to Tientsin.

We were busy until midnight with preparations for the journey, and I went out to purchase a pair of boots for travelling.

That evening the Prefect sent twenty soldiers to keep strict watch about the mission, and also sent several Shantung men who were with him to keep watch inside the compound. All had rifles. We did not close our eyes in sleep that night, for we were very apprehensive.

Before the sun rose the next morning I was in the Yamen waiting at the door of Li Wan Chung for the hundred and fifty taels. He was not yet up, and I waited more than an hour outside his window, until the sun was high in the heavens and my heart was uneasy lest there be some trouble about the matter. Still I did not dare to disturb him.

When at last I saw him he refused to give me the money, saying gruffly, "Go back to the mission, and I will see that it is sent to you before you leave."

I suspected that we would never get the money, but it was now eight o'clock and I could wait no longer, so I returned to the mission with a very anxious heart.

Mr. Price called me aside and said, "Although we are glad that you have decided to go with us, still I want you to promise me one thing: that when danger comes if there is a chance for you to escape, you will make every effort to save your life, so that, afterwards, you can tell our story to others." I promised this and then Mr. Price gave me seven or eight taels of silver, saying, "Carry this on your person,

so that if you escape you will have it for travelling expenses."

He also gave me a piece of blue cloth, about three inches long and two wide, on which he had written, "*This is a trustworthy man; he will tell you of our fate. C. W. Price.*" It was sure death to be caught by the Boxers carrying a foreign letter, but this little piece of cloth could easily be concealed. Mr. Price said:

"Hide this on your person, and if you get through to Tientsin, give it to any foreigner whom you may find. I do not know whether our missionaries there are living or dead."

He also instructed me to be careful if I met any foreign soldiers, and to halt as soon as they commanded me to. "Then give them the little piece of cloth, and they will take you to an American official." Mr. Price was indeed my loving friend, taking forethought for me in all things.

Mr. Lundgren said, "If we can all reach Tientsin in peace, it will be well, but if we cannot, I hope that you will not perish with us. May God preserve your life, and may you tell our friends of our fate. I want to give you my white horse. You can ride it on the way."

Mr. Price then led me into his room and selected several garments which would be suitable for me to wear on the journey, and I prepared a bundle also of my own things.

Four long carts were already waiting for us at the gate, two of them with awnings and two open

carts for our baggage. The soldiers and Yamen men gathered about and helped us load our things into the carts.

Just then Li Wan Chung came from the Yamen with the one hundred and fifty taels. This truly was unexpected. But before he could hand over the silver Mr. Atwater was surrounded by a crowd demanding money, and Li himself was making demands. The Yamen men wanted money, the leader of the soldiers wanted money, the carters wanted money, this one spoke and that one shouted, and there was nothing to do but give it to them. This one snatched a piece and that one grabbed a piece, so though Mr. Atwater did his best to resist them several tens of taels disappeared.

It was nine o'clock, so the leader of the soldiers hurried us off. We all went to the north court, where the four carts were standing. Mr. and Mrs. Atwater, their two girls, and Mrs. Lundgren took their places in the first cart, while Mr. and Mrs. Price, Florence, Mr. Lundgren, and Miss Eldred rode in the second cart. The two men who had been helping us, Chang and Tien, rode behind in one of the baggage carts. My horse was already saddled, and I led it out of the stable.

Just as I was about to mount, a young soldier strode up and demanded the horse, saying, "Our officer wants it to ride."

Knowing that I would never get the horse

again if I let it go, I refused, but the soldier was determined to have it. Several others came up together and seized the bridle. I still clung to it, but I was no match for them, so the horse was soon in their hands. The missionaries tried to intercede for me, but the soldiers answered fiercely that the officer wanted the horse, so there was nothing for us but to submit. I then got into the first cart with Mr. Atwater.

VI

Outside the City Wall

IT was a clear, beautiful day, with a gentle wind blowing, a bright sun shining, and not a cloud within sight. As we drove out of the gate we saw the streets packed with a dense crowd of spectators. From the mission to the North Gate of the city they seemed a solid mass, while house roofs and walls swarmed with men and women eager for a sight of us. There were tens of thousands, and when we left the city gate behind, many flocked after us and stood watching until we were out of sight. So we left Fen Chou Fu on that fateful morning, August 15.

We had been imprisoned within walls for two or three months, and our hearts had all the time been burdened and anxious. Now suddenly we were outside the city in the pure, bracing air, in the midst of flowers and trees, luxuriant in summer beauty, riding through fields ripe for the harvest. It was all so beautiful and peaceful and strength-giving. So as soon as we were out in the country air our spirits rose and fresh life and joy came to us.

In the front of our cart sat Mr. Atwater with the carter, behind him were Mrs. Atwater and

Mrs. Lundgren, and I sat in the back of the cart with the two little girls. On both sides, before and behind, walked the twenty soldiers, while in front of all, mounted on my white horse, with chin held high and a very self-satisfied manner, rode the leader. After ten o'clock the sun's rays grew warmer, and Mrs. Lundgren handed her umbrella to a soldier, asking him to offer it to the leader to shield him from the heat.

We talked as we rode along. Mrs. Lundgren remarked: "What a beautiful day it is!"

Mrs. Atwater said, "Who would have thought that when we left Fen Chou Fu we would have such an escort?"

"See the soldiers' uniforms, gay with red and green trimmings," said Mrs. Lundgren.

So the light conversation went on. Mrs. Atwater said to me, "I'm afraid they'll not give your horse back to you at P'ing Yao."

"I'm afraid not," I replied.

Then the two ladies turned and talked in English with Mr. Atwater, and I talked and laughed with the two children close beside me. We played a finger game, and they prattled ceaselessly.

"Mr. Fay, please tell us where we are going," they said.

After a while little Bertha grew sleepy, and nestled to rest in her mother's arms.

When we left Fen Chou Fu we thought that

we might meet Boxers or robbers by the way, but we said, "If any danger comes, these soldiers will protect us with all their might."

Little did we dream that these very soldiers were to murder us.

We passed through several villages, and every man, woman, and child was out to stare at us. Then we came to a large village. It was nearly noon and very hot, so we stopped to rest a while, and the carters watered their mules. A man happened to be there peddling little sweet melons. We were all thirsty, so we bought some, and as Mr. Atwater had no change handy I paid for them with the cash in my bag. We passed some back to those in the other cart, and Mrs. Lundgren took out a package of nice foreign candy and passed to us. After a few minutes we were on our way again.

As we travelled the young soldier who had taken my horse away walked close behind my cart, never taking his eyes off me. I thought that he was angry because I had objected to giving him the horse, so I gave little attention to it. Then I noticed something strange in his way of looking at me, as if there was something he wished to say to me. So I said to him:

"When we reach P'ing Yao, will you please return that horse to me?"

He replied gruffly, "I'll return it." Then he asked, "Where is your home?"

"In T'ungchou."

"All right," he said, "you mount this horse and you'll soon be in T'ungchou."

He meant that if I got on the horse I would soon be killed, then my spirit would fly to T'ungchou, but at the time I did not perceive his meaning. After a while the soldier exclaimed:

"You have been completely bewitched by the devils!"

Still I did not lay his words to heart, because outsiders are always saying that we Christians are followers of the foreign devils. Just at this time another soldier pressed forward, saying:

"Lend me your boots to wear."

I did not give them to him, and a soldier who was walking beside our cart said, "Don't demand them of him; won't they be ours in a little while?"

Still I did not note the hidden meaning of the words.

After we had gone on a little farther with the soldier walking behind the cart, still keeping his eyes on me, he heaved a great sigh, and said:

"Alas for you—so very young!"

The soldier walking at the side looked sternly at the speaker, and said something to him which I could not hear, but I heard the reply:

"This is our own countryman, and not a foreigner."

When I saw the expression on their faces and heard these words, suddenly it flashed across me

that they had some deep meaning, and I asked the young soldier what was up.

"I don't know," he replied.

"If anything is going to happen," I said, "please tell me."

He hung his head and said nothing, but followed still closer to the cart, and after a while said to me plainly:

"You ought to escape at once, for only a short distance ahead we are to kill the foreigners."

I jumped down from the cart, but another soldier came up, saying, "Don't go away."

Then I began to think it was true that the foreigners were to be killed, and wanted to get further away from the cart, but the soldier who had first talked with me, said:

"You can't go yet; you must first leave your money with us."

I said, "I have only a little, barely enough for my journey."

But I knew that they would not let me off without money, so I gave my watch to the soldier who had taken my horse. Another soldier demanded money, saying:

"If you have no money you may give me your boots."

So I took off my newly purchased boots and gave to him, putting on the well-worn shoes which he gave me in exchange. Another soldier took away my straw hat and the whip which I carried in my hand. It happened that at just this

point a little path branched off from the main road through a field of sorghum higher than my head. I started off on the path. While I had been talking with the soldiers Mr. Atwater had conversed with the two ladies, and had not noticed our words. As I left my friends I took a last look at them, saying in my heart:

"I fear that I shall never again on earth see your faces."

I had no chance to speak to them, for the village where they were to be killed was only a quarter of a mile away, the carts had not stopped, and many people were following close behind. A crowd was also coming out from the village which they were approaching.

I had walked only a short distance on the little path when I heard footsteps following, and looking back saw that it was the two soldiers hastening after me. My heart stood still, for I thought that they were coming to prevent my escape and kill me. I did not dare to run, for they had rifles in their hands. Soon they overtook me, one seizing my queue and another my arm, and saying:

"You must have some money; we'll only let you escape with your life; your money must be given to us."

Before I had time to answer, the soldier snatched from my purse all the silver which Mr. Price had given me. I made an effort to get it back, but the soldier said:

"If we kill you, nothing will be yours. If we let you escape with your life, should not your silver be given to us?"

There was some reason in their talk, so I only entreated them to leave me a little money, for I had many hundred miles to travel before I would reach my home. The soldiers had a little conscience, for dividing the silver between them they took out a small piece amounting to about a tael, and gave it to me.

The young soldier who had first talked with me said:

"Don't go far away yet. Wait until you see whether we kill the foreigners or not. If we don't do it, hunt me up and I'll give you your watch and all of your silver. If we kill them consider that we did not take your money without cause."

They then hurried back to the road.

When I had gone on a little farther I heard a loud rifle report. By that time I was almost convinced that they were indeed going to kill the foreigners. So I ran with all my might. It was about one o'clock and the sun beat down fiercely. After I had gone several miles I felt very weary, and though I was not afraid, my heart still fluttered and my flesh crept. My mouth was dry, blood flowed from my nose, and my feet ached. Coming to a tree I lay down to rest a little. Then I considered in what direction I should flee—north or south or back over the road

travelled. Finally I decided to go on to P'ing Yao, for if my Western friends were still living I could meet them there.

Suddenly the thought came that I was not yet out of danger. Certainly if the soldiers thought that my escape would interfere with their plans, they would hunt me down yet, and if they caught me my life was lost. So I rose and hastened on once more. I reached a village on the great road and inquired of an old man the way to P'ing Yao, then begged him for a drink of water. He asked me several questions, but Boxer days were past, and I was not subjected to a rigid examination as I would have been two months before. After passing two or three more villages I reached the great road leading to P'ing Yao, and learned that it was still ten miles away.

There was no way for it but to go forward, so on I pressed with fearful, doubting heart, wondering and sighing, exhausted and thirsty. No pen can tell the state of my body and my mind.

The sun was sinking westward, and I looked up to the sky with a sigh. The atmosphere was clear, wind and light were fair, and I asked myself:

"Can the great Lord who rules heaven and earth permit evil men under this bright heaven, in this clear light of day, to murder these innocent men and women, these little children? It cannot be. Perhaps I can still reach P'ing

Yao, and look in the faces of those whom I love."

Then I thought that if the soldiers had really killed them in that village, as they said they would, they were no longer on the earth, but were happy with God. When this thought came I lifted my face toward heaven, saying:

"My beloved Mr. and Mrs. Price and other dear friends, if you are truly in heaven now, do you see my trouble and distress?"

So I walked on, my heart now in heaven, now on earth, a thousand thoughts entangling themselves in my bewildered mind.

I was weary and would walk a mile or two, then rest. I came to the bank of the Fen River, five miles from P'ing Yao, and waited some time at the ferry to hear what men were saying; for if the foreigners had not been killed they must certainly cross by this ferry, and everyone would be talking about it. But though I stood there a long time I heard no one mention the subject, and the dread that my friends had been killed took full possession of my heart. Then I crossed on the ferry with others, and strange to say the ferryman did not ask me for money.

Once across the river I longed to find a little inn where I could rest for the night, but there was none to be found. I would fain lie down in the fields to sleep, but soon darkness would fall, then wolves would prowl around for their prey. So I urged my jaded body on, and about ten

o'clock I reached a small inn outside the wall of P'ing Yao. I had walked twenty miles that day —the longest walk I had ever taken, and I threw myself down to sleep without eating anything. The inn was very filthy, and several poor men who were travelling were already lying on the k'ang snoring thunderously. I had asked the innkeeper to give me a brick for a pillow, and soon I was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

How changed was my life! Before, I had been with my Western friends, and every word spoken had been helpful. When night came I had lain down on my soft bed in peace and content. Now my friends had all left me, the brick pillow was my only comfort as I lay on the hard brick k'ang in my thin clothing. I had absolutely nothing except the garments which I was wearing when I escaped from the soldiers. Often I awoke with a start and turned my aching body, asking myself, "Where am I? How came I here? Are my Western friends indeed killed? I must be dreaming."

But I was so tired that sleep would soon overcome me again.

The sun had risen when I opened my eyes in the morning, and the travellers had all gone. I forced myself to rise, washed my face, and asked for a little food, but could not get it down. After I had paid my bill at the inn I had about sixty cents. As I sat drinking my tea I was wondering whither my steps should turn. I

knew that I must go to Tientsin to tell the consul about the death of the foreigners in Shansi, but first it seemed as if I ought to return to Fen Chou Fu to learn the circumstances of the massacre, and to try to get money for my journey.

There were Fen Chou Fu carts starting back from the inn that morning, and I hired one of them for fifteen or twenty cents, for my body ached and my feet were painfully sore, so I knew that I could not walk back to Fen Chou Fu. As I rode in the cart my sorrowing heart tried to hope that my friends were still living. A little after noon we stopped to eat and rest at a large inn about twelve miles from Fen Chou Fu. Between ten and twenty carts were in the yard, and many guests were eating when I entered and gave my order for food. Sitting down I heard loud talking and laughter among the guests. The topic of conversation was the massacre of foreigners the day before! One said:

"There were ten ocean men killed, three men, four women, and three little devils."

Another added, "Lü Cheng San yesterday morning came ahead with twenty soldiers and waited in the village. When the foreigners with their soldier escort arrived a gun was fired for a signal, and all the soldiers set to work at once."

Then one after another added grewsome details, how the cruel swords had slashed, how the baggage had been stolen, how the very clothing

had been stripped from the poor bodies, and how they had then been flung into a wayside pit.

Just then a waiter set my food before me. Had the Emperor sent me the choicest viands from his table, I could not have swallowed a morsel. Now I knew certainly that those whom I loved were gone. Unable to control my emotion I left the inn at once, and walked back and forth outside the yard, weeping as I walked. No words can describe my heart agony. My first impulse had been to run from the inn, and not continue my journey to Fen Chou Fu, but on second thought it seemed better to go on. Perhaps I could find friends who would tell me more of the sad details. Very earnestly I prayed my Heavenly Father to direct my steps, then I decided at whatever cost to return to Fen Chou Fu.

I stood beside my cart, too restless to either stand or sit quietly, making a desperate effort to control my tears. It was two o'clock, the carter had eaten and was taking an opium smoke. A waiter in the inn, an old man with a very pleasant face, came out, saying:

"Guest, why have you not eaten the food which you ordered?"

"My head is dizzy and I am not hungry. What is my bill?"

After I had paid him, he asked me a few polite questions, and I took the opportunity to get fur-

ther information on the subject which was chilling my blood.

"Are there still foreigners in Fen Chou Fu?" I asked.

"No, they were all killed yesterday."

"Where were they killed?"

"In that village ahead—less than two miles from here," he said, pointing as he spoke. "Yesterday about this time they were all killed."

"How many were there?" I asked.

He stretched out the fingers of his two hands for an answer.

"Were there none of our people?"

"No, they were all foreigners."

Then I knew that Chang and Tien must have escaped before the massacre began.

My heart was leaden as I rode on the cart, with my face turned toward Fen Chou Fu. Then suddenly my thoughts changed. "I need not grieve for them. Their sorrows are past, they are in heaven now, and glory and joy are theirs. But as for myself—what awaits me? I can only take soul, body, and life, and commit them to the care of the all-powerful Lord."

It was eight when the carter drove up to an inn in the east suburb of Fen Chou Fu, and I walked on into the city. Fortunately it was growing dark, and no one saw my face plainly, as, avoiding the main street, I made my way through alleys to the home of a Mr. Shih, a Christian who lived near the mission. When I knocked and

entered Mr. Shih and his brother started up in terror and amazement, saying:

"How could you get here?"

We three went in quickly, barring the gate, and when we were seated in the house I told my sad story. Sighing, Mr. Shih said:

"We knew when the foreigners left yesterday that death awaited them on the road. Not long after you had gone the Prefect and the Magistrate rode in their chairs to the gate of the mission, took a look inside without entering, and then sealed up the gate."

Mr. Shih told me also how the Prefect, as soon as he had returned to his Yamen, had ordered Li Yü brought before him, and inflicted more cruel blows on his bruised body. Then he told details of the massacre. There was one young soldier named Li who had studied several years in the mission school, and whose sword took no part in the carnage. When the leader knew this he beat him from head to foot with his great horsewhip. The poor remains of the missionaries would have been left on the village street had not the village leaders begged that they be taken away. So the soldiers dragged them to a pit outside the city, where they found a common grave.

When Mr. Shih had finished this sad recital, in far greater detail than I have given, my heart was full of indignation and hatred and sighing and sorrow. I hated the cruel Prefect who had

dared thus to slaughter the innocent; I was indignant at Lü Cheng San, who had seemed our friend in happier days, and then had led soldiers into ambush to massacre these good people; I sighed over the cruel death of those I loved; I sorrowed for the officials and people of Fen Chou Fu, so darkened, so deluded, rejoicing in the death of the righteous. Heavenly Father, Heavenly Father, why did you permit wicked men to do these deeds? Why did your eye not see your faithful servants?

Mr. Shih told me that I would not be safe with him, as the officials were arresting Christians, so after a night's rest I was wakened early and as soon as the North Gate was opened, before many people were astir, I was outside the city. "I will seek out my friend, Mr. Jen," I thought. "Perhaps he will think of some way to get me a little money for travelling expenses." His village was less than two miles away. As I walked along I met a man whom I did not recognize, but who called out to me:

"Teacher, the foreigners have all been killed. It is indeed well that you escaped. You ought at once to find a refuge in the mountains, and stay there until more peaceful times."

With an exclamation of assent I passed on, wondering how the man came to know me.

The sun had just risen when I found Mr. Jen's home. Trembling with emotion, he listened to my account of what had happened, then said:

"Yesterday I heard a rumor that the foreigners had been killed, but I could not believe it."

Mr. Jen requested me not to mention this sad news to his aged mother. Soon his mother, his wife, and children came out, and Mr. Jen led me into an inner room while his wife prepared the morning meal. There I said to my friend:

"I have a fixed purpose to go to Tientsin, but I have only a few cents left. Can you help me to get a little money?"

Mr. Jen was not a rich man, and he replied, "I truly have no money in the house to give you, but you can wait here, and I'll go into the city and contrive to get some, be it much or little."

So I waited alone in the room, and the hours passed by. Each one made me anxious for my friend. Why had he not returned? Had he been recognized and seized in the gate? At one o'clock I was relieved to see him coming. He told me how he had gone to Mr. Han's, but he had left home because the Yamen men wanted to arrest him. His wife gave Mr. Jen a silver ornament, and he took it to a relative, who gave him eighty cents for it. This money my friend placed in my hands, expressing regret that it was not enough. Then another meal was prepared for me, Mr. Jen gave me a garment and a pair of old shoes, and walked with me outside the village. There we parted, and I started on my journey to Tientsin.

VII

The Beginning of a Long Journey

IT was three o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of August when, for the second time, I left Fen Chou Fu behind. At sunset I came to the town of Lo Ch'eng. My brother-in-law and I had come to this city on horseback for a pleasure trip during my first visit to Fen Chou Fu. Now the beautiful mountains and the temples were unchanged, but he who had enjoyed them with me was no more, and I looked on them with deep emotion. How happy I had been that other day! How sad my heart was now! I was alone in Shansi. All I loved there were dead. The church had been blotted out, the Christians were slain or scattered. And what lay before me? Five hundred miles of weary journeying, with unknown danger, and I companionless, almost penniless. And at the end of that journey what awaited me? When I reached my home would I see my beloved parents, my teachers, my friends? Rain was falling and I walked on with drenched garments, each new thought bringing fresh torture to my heart. How my parents had loved me, always giving me the best food and clothing, and taking the worst for themselves.

If my mother could see me now in my loneliness and privation and bitter sorrow, would she not clasp me in her arms and cry? In all the world no one loved me like my mother. Then the tears streamed down my face, and my whole heart went out in an earnest prayer to my Heavenly Father to guide and keep my feet, to bring me in peace to my home, to let me comfort the hearts of my dear father and mother.

I spent the night in a tiny wayside inn, the only lodger, and the next morning I was again pressing eastward. I had decided to go around by way of Tai Ku, first, because I wanted to learn more about the sad tragedy there, second, because I knew that if my dear friend K'ung Hsiang Hsi was still living and I could see him, he would in some way provide me with ample means for my journey. Shortly after noon I came to a river and found it so badly swollen by the rains that no ferry ventured across the swift current. Several opium merchants from Chihli spent the night with me in a little village less than a mile from the river. There was no inn there, but we persuaded a blacksmith to let us sleep in a close, dirty room. One by one the merchants took their smoke of opium, and stifled by the fumes I stood out in the yard until all had finished, then finding a little corner on the crowded k'ang I lay down to rest. Seven or eight young Boxers, with their heads and waists bound with red sashes, came to see the strangers

in the village, but I showed no sign of fear and they asked me no questions. Boxer days were on the wane.

After sunrise the next morning we all went again to the river bank, but not until noon had the water subsided so that we could be ferried over.

About two o'clock I reached a city twenty-three miles from Tai Ku, and finding there a cart returning to Tai Ku, which I could hire for less than twenty cents, I rode to Tai Ku, arriving in the west suburb between eight and nine in the evening. The city gates were closed, and the carter and I lay down together on an inn k'ang for the night. A heavy hand suddenly awakened me from sleep. A dim light was burning in the room, and I saw that the carter had his hand in the bag which contained my precious store of copper cash, vainly feeling for silver. In all my travels between Fen Chou Fu and Tai Ku, when I had plenty of clothing and money with me, no one had attempted to rob me. The more bitter a man's poverty, the more men seek to harm him.

Early in the morning I made my way to K'ung Hsiang Hsi's home. Startled indeed was I to find posted on the gateway new, bright red paper scrolls exalting the divine valor of the Boxers, who would strengthen anew the Great Pure Kingdom. My body trembled with cold chills as I thought, "I must not knock. My brother Hsiang Hsi certainly is not at home, and I do

not know how his family will treat me." None were Christians except Hsiang Hsi, so I stood, undecided, not daring to knock. Then I thought that even if my friend were not at home, his family, for his sake, would refrain from harming me, so gathering up my courage, I knocked. The vioce of a servant called out, "Who's there?" and as soon as he heard my voice, recognizing it, he opened the great gate and led me in, telling me that Hsiang Hsi and his father had fled to another place, and that Hsiang Hsi's uncle was occupied in his study. Before long his uncle, Mr. K'ung, was telling me in detail what had happened in Tai Ku, then I told him of the Fen Chou Fu massacre, and of my narrow escape.

When in Fen Chou Fu I had heard a report that one of our T'ungchou college boys had come to Tai Ku to find Hsiang Hsi, and then had gone, no one knew where. I had been unable to learn his name, but now Mr. K'ung told me that it was Chang Ch'ing Hsiang, of the senior class. His mother had been killed at Pao Ting Fu and he had fled for refuge into Shansi. I asked the whereabouts of Hsiang Hsi and his father, but Mr. K'ung did not tell me. He said:

"From a child you have had constant intercourse with the foreigners, and know all the details of their daily life. Please tell me what offences against heaven and right they have committed. If they were guilty of no such gross

wickedness, why have they been exterminated in every place?"

I replied, "I have been with the foreigners, and am very familiar with their affairs. Their aim is to persuade men to change evil for good, to reject the false and turn to the true. Everywhere they open schools and hospitals, relieving the poor and helpless. In nothing have they violated the principles of right. Please do not wrongly infer that the killing of the foreigners in Shansi means their extermination, or that these Boxer massacres are matters for gratulation. They will bring calamity upon our country."

From the time when the Boxers began their murder and arson I knew that foreign soldiers would surely come to put them down, and that Chinese soldiers could not cope with them; I knew that China would pay for her deeds of blood by a heavy indemnity. Little did I think that foreign nations would show great grace to China, and permit her still to stand as an independent nation.

Then Mr. K'ung cautioned me to be careful as I returned to my home, enquiring as I went. "And do not let your heart be deluded. Have nothing more to do with the foreigners, but return and worship our own gods. For with my own eyes I have seen the supernatural powers of the Boxers. When the mission here was burned the Boxer leader simply stood and pointed with his finger, and flames rose close to the buildings, then

he pointed again, and the flames, though still hovering near, did not kindle on the houses. Then your brother-in-law and Mr. Sang, when they were seized, said with their lips that they would recant, but in their hearts they still believed in Jesus. They thought to deceive the Boxer leader, but when are Boxers without divine power? The leader used his divination, and knew at once that they were feigning, so he commanded his supernaturally endowed soldiers to slay them, men, women, and children. You should now not only renounce your religion and believe our gods, but from your heart you must hate Jesus, and repent of your sin of following the foreigners. If not, wherever you go the Boxer leaders will recognize you, reading the very thoughts of your heart. So your life will pay the forfeit."

Seeing that I looked skeptical he said:

"Do not look on these as empty words. Everything I have said is true. With these same words I exhorted Hsiang Hsi and Ch'ing Hsiang, but their hearts were too hard, and they obstinately clung to their own beliefs. But I hope that you will not be so stubborn, for those who believe the foreign religion are rank heretics, and already they have received their recompense."

In my heart I rejoiced as I heard these words, because my beloved school friends, Ch'ing Hsiang and Hsiang Hsi, thus faithfully held to their religion, not fearing death. I knew that there

must be many like them among my college brothers, many who stood immovable in the storm of persecution. I do not say this to boast, neither should it be laid to our credit, for great is the grace bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father, and much is the instruction received from our foreign friends.

At the time I did not want to dispute with Mr. K'ung, but in my heart I sighed for his folly and delusion. For many years he had known the foreigners in Tai Ku, often he had heard his nephew, Hsiang Hsi, explain why they had come to preach the gospel. If he, with all his education and his unusual opportunities for knowing about the foreigners, was so deluded, what hope was there for the others in Tai Ku?

I then told him my sad need of money, and when he went to his room to get some for me I thought that at least he would give me four or five taels, which would be enough for my journey. For he was a rich man with property worth tens of thousands, and many servants in his home. Often when I had lived in Tai Ku he had sent servants to invite me to eat a meal with him.

After a long time he came back, bringing several small pieces of silver, amounting to about seventy-five cents. Though it was so much less than I needed, I could not open my mouth to ask for more, so I thanked him politely, then asked him if he would give me a garment. He sent a

servant for an old, ragged, upper garment, then we parted.

I had a thought of taking a look at the mission ruins, but why should I add a pang of useless grief to my heart? Moreover, I had lived there a year and a half, and might be recognized. So I walked through the East Gate of the city, and was on my long road to Tientsin.

Village after village lay ahead of me, but I must go around them instead of keeping to the main road, for the approaches were guarded, and suspected strangers were not allowed to enter. Perhaps we might be emissaries of the foreigners, hired to poison wells, or to smear blood on the gates. This lengthened my journey each day by several miles. The first night I spent at Yü Tz'u Hsien, twenty-three miles from Tai Ku, where I heard that the Boxers had killed over a hundred Christians a month before. After two or three days I was walking over mountain roads, and my way lay through Shou Yang, right past the door of Mr. Pigott's mission, where the Atwater girls had studied. I had stopped here on my way into Shansi two years before. Now all the friends were slain, and the bare houses, robbed of doors and windows and furniture, the deserted yard, with only a donkey tied in front of the chapel ruins, told a story of blood and horror and tears as I stood looking in. I thought how those who had lived in these houses had come over mountain and sea with a message of life and

light and love to men in darkness, and what had been their end? I do not understand why the Lord of heaven and earth let evil men bring such cruel hurt to His servants. Though "All things work together for good to them that love God," I cannot see the very least good in this, and I fear I never shall understand it, yet I believe that in all things the beautiful will of our Heavenly Father is working. Who am I that I should understand the mysteries of the Divine will, of the Ruler of heaven and earth? I can only say, "Thy will be done."

As I went on my way one day I hastened my steps over ten or more miles of mountain road, keeping pace with a man on horseback, accompanied by a servant, who I thought from his close-fitting garments, was a man who had associated with foreigners. Perhaps if he knew who I was and my sad straits, he would give me some money. At last I learned that he was a Shanghai man who had charge of the telegraph office in Tai Yuan Fu, and who had come out to attend to the repair of lines which had been torn down by the Boxers. He told me about the Tai Yuan Fu massacres, and added:

"These native Christians are most foolish, most hateful. The governor issued proclamations commanding them to recant at once, and to leave the foreigners, but they not only refused to recant, but they still clung to the foreigners, and so were killed. They truly deserved their fate."

When I screwed up my courage to ask this man for a little money to help me on my way, I met a stern rebuff. It was my first experience as a beggar, and it was a bitter one.

For five days I walked through the mountains, now climbing the steeps, now descending into deep valleys, now crossing streams clear as as crystal. I passed old trees and beautiful groves and orchards laden with peaches, pears, and other fruit. The views were inspiring, the air was pure and fragrant. I left three passes behind me, and went through four great "heaven gates" built in the passes.

I wonder whence my wonderful strength came those days when I walked thirty or forty miles, scorched in the daytime by the summer heat, chilled at night by the mountain air. I had no bedding, no extra clothing, and could not lie down to sleep at night. I would double up on a k'ang with my hands clasping my legs below the knees, my tired head resting on my knees, and get all the rest I could while my body shivered with cold. Two nights when inns refused to harbor me I crouched on the street under projecting eaves until day broke. Yet each day I took my long walk. This unusual strength was surely given me by my Heavenly Father. Then, I know that for special emergencies special strength comes. Every day I saw travellers eating their fill of rich food at the inns, and sleeping in comfort. So it had been with me when I passed that

way before. What a contrast was this return journey! I could buy only the poorest food, and even of that I dared not eat enough to satisfy my hunger.

As I walked those days I thought that God was indeed teaching me new lessons by leading me through such darkness and adversity. He taught me contentment. I say no more, "My food is not good," "My clothing is too poor," for when I think of the sufferings of that journey I thank God with a full heart, because He supplies my every need and gives me kind friends to care for me.

The last two or three days of my travel through the mountainous region I met crowds of refugees, Shansi men who had been in business in Chihli, now returning to their homes, and Chihli men with their families fleeing for safety. Carts, horses, and men crowded the highways. Tientsin and T'ungchou had fallen, they said, and even Peking was now in the hands of foreign soldiers. On the 25th of August I reached Huai Lu, in the edge of the mountains, and asked about the missionaries who had lived there. I was told that the Magistrate had sent them to Cheng Ting Fu, twenty miles beyond. From that day until I reached Pao Ting Fu I met the soldiers of Tung Fu Hsiang and other soldiers, by thousands and tens of thousands. The day after I left Huai Lu I saw approaching me a great caravan, covered carts, mule litters,

horsemen, footmen. It was the officials and rich men of Peking, who had fled with their families before the foreign soldiers, taking with them what they could of their possessions. Day after day I met them, hundreds of thousands of refugee soldiers and others. The soldiers were looting right and left as they went, sweeping the country like a scourge of locusts, and the frightened inhabitants fled before their coming. Nearly every soldier had stolen a horse, mule, donkey, or camel, loaded with his booty. As the soldiers increased, I met no other travellers. This stream of life swept westward. I alone was going eastward.

As I approached the city of Cheng Ting Fu I saw, rising high above the ramparts, the spire of the great Catholic cathedral. It was a little after noon when I reached the West Gate of the city, and found it closely and carefully guarded by local soldiers. There were also watchmen on the city walls. This was to prevent the pillaging of the city by refugee soldiers. A few people who lived in the city were waiting to get in, and after I had been there about an hour, about thirty had gathered who wished to enter. The guards watched their opportunity when no soldiers were near, and opened the gates long enough for us to slip through.

Soon I was at the gate of the cathedral, but my first efforts to enter were unsuccessful. Then a young Catholic came up who seemed

more friendly. He told me that there were no missionaries there from Huai Lu, but that there were some English Protestants from Shun Te Fu, a hundred miles further south, and through his good offices I was admitted and soon had the joy of meeting Mr. Brown, then Mr. Griffith. We were strangers until that moment, but they greeted me as if I were a near and dear friend, and it brought sweet comfort to my sore heart. For two or three hours we talked, I telling the story of Shansi and of my experiences, then listening to the tale of their wanderings and wonderful deliverances. They had escaped from their home with Mrs. Griffith and her little one, and for twenty days were hidden in the home of a native Christian. They had lost everything except the clothing which they wore and five taels of silver. Then came wanderings by night and perils by day until they were across the mountains in Shansi, but several friendly officials helped them on their way, and at last they stood before the walls of Cheng Ting Fu. The cathedral had stood through the storm, for a good official had kept the Boxers out of the city, and now he refused to let the missionary refugees enter until word came from the Catholic bishop that he would receive them into the cathedral. So here, with sixteen other foreigners, priests, nuns, and railway engineers, the hunted fugitives had found a resting-place. Their dangers were not yet over, for if the fleeing soldiers from Tientsin and

Peking once got possession of the city, the inmates of the cathedral would doubtless be their victims. All praise was due to the brave official who had stood for months against the tide of Boxer carnage and soldier rapine.

Mr. Brown said, "We would like much to send letters by you to Tientsin, but we do not dare to endanger you thus. Within a short time five men bearing foreign letters have been killed not far away. But we will ask you to go to foreign officials when you reach Tientsin, and tell them that there are foreigners still living here. Perhaps they can think of some way to save our lives."

Then Mr. Brown went in and asked the bishop for twenty-five cents to help me on my way. These kind friends urged me to spend the night there, but I was eager to reach Tientsin, so we parted.

Several months later when I was in Peking I received a letter written from Tientsin by Mr. Brown stating that every day after I left them they had prayed that God would bring me in peace to Tientsin.

I found the North Gate closed and scores of soldiers guarding it, but they opened it just wide enough to let me out without asking me a question.

As I walked along the highway thronged with soldiers my heart was light and joyous. Half of the road to Tientsin lay behind me; if I met

with no mishaps, in another week I might be at my journey's end. Then the greeting from these two missionaries, whom I had never seen before, had been so cordial and loving; if I reached my own home, and saw my parents and the missionaries who had known me from a little child, what would my welcome be? The thought of this joy made me forget all weariness, and in spite of my stay in Cheng Ting Fu I made my usual journey of over thirty miles before I stopped for the night.

Every house was filled with soldiers, and the only bed I could find that night was one of half-dry sorghum leaves under the open heaven, and my only food was black sorghum seed which a kind-hearted man boiled in exchange for a few cash. The dew made my bed still damper, and I could only lie down a short time, then bestir myself to get my chilled blood in motion. The cold that precedes daybreak compelled me to start on my weary day of travel. Wading several small streams set my whole body to shivering, and very glad was I when the sun rose.

The blisters on my feet had broken, and wading in the water had so inflamed them that every step was torture. Spurring my jaded body to the utmost, I could only make ten miles that day. No food or lodging could be found near the highway. Another night like the preceding would surely prostrate me. At sunset I turned from the road toward a little village. God did not permit

me to meet greater trials than I could bear. A bread peddler in the village saw my sorry plight and in compassion let me sleep in his tiny room. Dirty and wretched though it was, I was grateful for its warmth, and for the bowl of hot flour soup which a kind neighbor gave me, saying as we talked together:

"It is well to pity poor travellers, and thus win the favor bestowed by the Lord of Heaven."

By noon the next day I had only succeeded in reaching Ting Chou, fifty miles from Pao Ting Fu. Hearing that trains were running to Pao Ting Fu, I at once went to the station, only to learn that the road was used exclusively for the transporting of soldiers and horses, and other travellers could get a ride only by bribing the men in charge. For an hour I waited there, then I saw a puff of smoke in the distance, and soon a medley of soldiers and horses were pouring out of the freight cars, while officers and attendants were stepping from the passenger car. Immediately preparations were made for the return trip. Seeing ten or more men entering the passenger car, I followed them. Soon an officer with a white button on his cap came into the car to make inspection. All of the other passengers were well dressed, some had in their hands the card of the district magistrate, showing that they were going on official business, others pressed a piece of silver into the hands of the inspector, saying with a smile:

"Please take a drink of tea."

I had in my hand neither silver nor the red card of an official, and soon, ragged, dirty, crestfallen, I was driven from the car.

Two others shared my luck, and soon, unnoticed, we concealed ourselves in one of the empty freight cars. Then the train whistled, and I was taking my first ride on the cars. When I studied about steam engines in the college, how I had hoped that China would soon build railroads, and that I could have the pleasure of a ride. And here I was! Through the cracks I could see trees and houses flying backward in procession, and a feeling of exhilaration possessed me.

When we were a few miles from Pao Ting Fu some machinery gave way, and the train stopped for repairs. Unfortunately a young man in charge spied us stealing our ride, and called us out of our car in no gentle tones, demanding money. I made a humble obeisance, but he said in a rage:

"No! No! Nothing will do but money."

I took to my legs, and as he had the other two culprits on his hands, he could not pursue me.

It was four or five o'clock when I reached the west suburb of Pao Ting Fu and saw soldiers swarming on the streets, on the city walls, everywhere. No foreign soldiers had been seen there yet, but there was an air of unrest, and many of

the inhabitants had fled. I enquired my way through the city to the south suburb, and as I passed by the river a boatman hailed me, and asked if I wished to go to Tientsin, adding that his boat was going early in the morning. This was indeed my good luck, and I soon agreed to give him about twenty-five cents to take me to Tu Lu, twenty miles from Tientsin, which was as far as boats were running, since Tientsin was in the hands of the Allies. Then I went to a cash shop to exchange my last, small piece of silver. The proprietor seemed very pleasant, and I ventured to ask:

"Are the foreigners in Pao Ting Fu still living?"

"They were all killed long ago and their houses burned. How is it with the foreigners of Shansi?"

"They also were killed and their houses burned."

"Truly it was the will of Heaven!" he ejaculated.

"It was indeed the will of Heaven," I replied, but how different was the thought in my heart from the thought in his!

With the few cents which I had left after reserving that for my boat hire I bought a little food to eat on my journey, and returned in the darkness to my boat.

I had strange travelling companions, several soldiers, among them a deserting soldier of Tung

Fu Hsiang's, an old man over sixty who had been to Pao Ting Fu to look for two sons who were soldiers, an actor, and two Boxers.

All along the way these two Boxers would stop wherever there were Boxer altars to pay their respects. The Boxer leader in each place would give them a card of introduction to the next Boxer camp which insured them a cordial reception.

The boat was much crowded, and I slept between the old man and the deserting soldier in a compartment less than six feet long, four feet wide, and two feet high. To add to our misery it rained almost continuously, so that we were shut in, day and night, in darkness. The rain leaked through until the hemp on which I lay was soaked. The third day out we tied to the bank waiting for the heavy rain to cease. All those days the soldiers passed the time in gambling, rough buffoonery, and singing ribald songs, but I lay silent in my bunk, heartsick with hope deferred. One day in my misery I threw out my arms and exclaimed in English:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The old man beside me scolded, but fortunately did not recognize my words as English, so I had not betrayed myself as I feared when the hasty ejaculation first left my lips.

We passed one place where there were several boat loads of Boxers, all between the ages of ten and thirty, bedecked with red and fully armed,

while the villages on either side were gay with Boxer banners.

At Hsin An as we passed I heard that there were foreigners living in the Yamen, and wondered whether it was simply one of the myriad rumors which were current. Many weeks later I knew that it was Mr. Green and his associates of Huai Lu.

It was five days before we reached Tu Lu. Here I paid my last cent for a little boat to take me as near Tientsin as they would venture. Several others were in the boat, and they stopped to eat at a place ten miles from Tientsin. All day I had eaten nothing, and the longer I watched them eating, the hungrier I grew. I wanted to ask them for food, but my mouth would not open, and it was hard to resist the impulse to snatch it from their hands. I could only wait and suffer the gnawings of hunger until I reached Tientsin. Then perhaps someone would give me food. It was five o'clock when I left the boat to walk the remaining distance to the west gate of Tientsin. About sunset I saw several Japanese soldiers walking with their rifles on their shoulders. It was my first sight of foreign soldiers.

VIII

The Home-coming

AT seven or eight in the evening I entered the West Gate of Tientsin just as it was about to close for the night. Great swarthy Sikhs stood guarding it. I walked east on the great street through the ruined, deserted city, not a house standing on either side, not a human being to be seen until I reached the drum tower. Soon I saw a large building with many lanterns in front of it and American soldiers standing on guard. I asked if there was an officer there, and immediately they led me into the presence of a captain. I was ragged and dirty, my face was thin and sunburned, yet he asked me to be seated and commanded a soldier to summon an interpreter.

"I can speak a little English," I said.

The captain looked pleased, and asked, "What have you to say to me?"

From the belt where it had been concealed so carefully, I took the tiny piece of blue cloth which Mr. Price had given me a few hours before his death, and handed it to him, then I told him briefly the story of Shansi. He listened with a sad face, then said with a sigh:

"What you say grieves me deeply. Now I want to send someone with you to the Yamen of the Provisional Government."

Before sending me away he asked if I was hungry. Not a morsel had passed my lips that day, and I replied:

"I am not simply hungry; I am famished."

The captain commanded a soldier to bring me rice and bread, and I ate until my hunger was satisfied.

For two hours I stood at attention before officials of the Provisional Government, answering their questions. Then I was commanded to drag my weary feet to the quarters of a general in the Foreign Settlement. It was midnight when I met him, and noting my fatigue he dismissed me for the night. A kind-hearted merchant, Mr. Dickinson, led me to a large house, took out several nice, new quilts, and told his servants to spread a bed and prepare food for me. For two weeks I had suffered from cold and hunger and thirst. Now I had reached Tientsin in peace, and friends were caring for me. My heart was filled with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, who had guided and protected me. How soft and warm the quilts were! It seemed as if I had reached heaven, and my heart was full of peace. Soon I was asleep.

The next day the British consul sent for me, and made particular enquiries about Cheng Ting Fu. How I hoped that he would soon be able to

send soldiers to the relief of the foreigners there.

It was evening before I was free to go to my own mission in Tientsin, and I went with anxious heart. What tidings would I hear from T'ungchou and from my own home? How happy I would be to look again into the faces of old friends! As soon as I entered the compound I saw several of our college boys working there. They rushed to my side, giving me warm handclasps. Then I saw several women who had lived in T'ungchou and had been my mother's friends. We knew not what to say when we met, but all eyes filled with tears when they saw the marks of poverty and suffering on my body. As soon as we could control our voices we began to enquire about loved ones. Their tears flowed afresh when I told them how many in Shansi had laid down their lives, and that among them were my sister and brother-in-law. Then my own heart grew heavy as I enquired in vain for tidings of my parents. No one knew about them, but I heard of one after another of my relatives and friends who were numbered with the slain or missing.

A few days later I was on my way to T'ungchou and Peking to try to get some trace of my parents. It was impossible to make the journey alone, for foreign soldiers were camped all along the road and they often shot down Chinese without the least provocation. Through the influ-

ence of an officer, I travelled with a British convoy going by boat, occupying quarters on a Major's boat with his Sikh soldiers and cook. I know that the Major was not a Christian man, for he smoked and drank all day long and was constantly cursing, striking, and kicking his men, especially his cook. He also gave his orders in loud tones, with fierce mien and glaring eyes, and we all feared him exceedingly. He treated me even more contemptibly than his own servant, screaming out "John! John!" early and late, and demanding all kinds of service. I never dared delay when I heard him thundering, but answered as I ran toward him.

Every day at noon the Major would take four Sikhs and go to villages several miles from the river for loot, always compelling me to accompany him as intrepreter. He would catch the first man whom he saw in a village and compel him to act as guide to the homes of the rich. So successful was he on these raids that by the time he reached T'ungchou he had three new carts, three donkeys, five or six sheep, and much clothing and bric-a-brac.

One day about noon we reached a village from which most of the people had fled, and entering a home of wealth found there only a man about fifty or sixty years old who received us very courteously. Immediately the Major demanded money, and the old man replied that though he had money it was not at hand. The Major then

commanded his soldiers to bind him, while he himself went into the house to search for money. He found several weapons, among them a revolver and a sword with a red scarf bound on the handle. So he insisted that the old man must be a Boxer, and shot him with his own hand as he lay bound. As usual he impressed ten or more young men in the village to carry his loot, then compelled the strongest of them to remain and drag his boats.

Though it is only eighty miles from Tientsin to T'ungchou, we were over a week on the way, for the current was against us, the boats were heavily loaded, and it was necessary to go several miles back from the river every day to find men who could be impressed to drag the boats, as all of the villages near the river were deserted. At last we were near my village home, which was about eight miles from T'ungchou and half a mile from the river. Here I got permission from the Major to leave the boat, and walked across toward my home, my heart bounding with the hope that I might soon look into the faces of parents and other loved ones.

Our village was near the highway between Tientsin and T'ungchou. As soon as I reached the edge of the village I saw the highway thronged with foreign soldiers, but when I entered the silence of death brooded over all, and there was not even the shadow of a living thing. A feeling of deep depression swept over me, still

I reasoned that all of the villagers would be fearful during this time of anarchy, and must have sought a refuge from the soldiers long ago. As I walked toward my home I thought, " Perhaps I will find someone who has had the courage to stay here." My steps drew near the spot where the houses of my parents, of my oldest brother, and of my uncle had stood close together. My father's house was gone! The other houses were still standing, so the destruction must have been the work of the Boxers. With my heart in a tumult I walked on, and suddenly saw a man leaving my oldest brother's back yard. As soon as he saw me, he turned to run. At once the thought came to me that it might be my second brother, and I called, " Brother, brother." He turned and stood a moment as if unable to believe that it was my voice, and running nearer I saw that it was indeed my brother. Neither of us could speak, but, clasped in each other's arms, we burst into uncontrollable weeping.

As soon as I could get my voice, I asked, " Where are father and mother? "

" They are both dead," he replied, between his sobs. Strength left my limbs, and lying on the ruins of our home, I cried, " My loved parents, would that I might have died with you! Oh, that I might go now, and see your faces! Oh, father, who loved me so deeply! Oh, mother, who loved me so tenderly! Never again shall I see you."

From a tumbledown room in my brother's yard there crawled out a woman with dishevelled hair and face black with ashes, barefooted, with stained and ragged garments. In this crippled woman, more forlorn than a beggar, I could hardly recognize my second brother's wife. She wailed as she made her way toward me, and behind her came the nephew whom I loved, Ch'ang So, grown tall during over two years of separation, but now ragged, thin, sunburnt, and sad. My heart was moved with deep pity when I saw him, and speechless we all wept together.

Then my brother asked, "What about our two sisters?" I answered, "I know not whether our sister in Shantung is living or dead. Our sister in Shansi, her husband and child, were killed by the Boxers."

Tears flowed afresh, for to all four of us had come tidings of the death of dearly loved ones. My sister-in-law first forced back her tears, saying:

"We must be careful lest someone hear our crying, and carry word of it to the Boxers, for they strictly commanded that not one of us should shed a tear for the dead."

Although the Allies were occupying Peking and the surrounding region, the Boxers were still practising, and in the town of Niu Mu T'un, only a few miles away, there was a camp of over a thousand. My brother urged me to take refuge in Peking as speedily as possible, for in our village

two dangers menaced me, that of being killed by the Boxers and that of being impressed as a laborer by the foreign soldiers. Later my brother told me in detail how some Sikhs had come to the village one day, and, seizing him and several neighbors, had tied a rope to their queues, then stringing them together like mules, with men leading in front and driving behind, had taken them to the river bank to drag boats. My brother had never done such work before. Wading in mud and water, sometimes up to his waist, with the whip lash to urge him on, he had dragged until nightfall, then, not being allowed to sleep on the boat, had lain down on the wet river bank. At T'ungchou he had succeeded in making his escape, but the others had been taken into the camp, and some had never yet been heard from.

In August, when the Chinese soldiers had fled before the advancing Allies, they had harried the country as they went, and the terrified inhabitants had scattered before them. Close behind came the dreaded foreign soldiers, and for weeks there was a reign of terror. In that first mad flight, my sister-in-law, who for two years had been a helpless paralytic, had been left behind. She suffered agonies of mind and body those long days, when she crouched alone in her dark room, often hearing the voices and rifle shots of soldiers close at hand. Her husband and children, with my older brother's family and other relatives, had

found shelter in a village four miles away, and, after the first wild panic, her husband and son went at noon every day to carry her food and water. It was while they were on this errand that I had happened upon them.

I decided to go to see my relatives in the neighboring village before going on to T'ungchou, and my crippled sister-in-law set up a piteous pleading that we would carry her with us. I could not resist her tears, but my brother said:

"It will never do. The people where we are staying will not harbor such a sick woman. We shall all be driven out onto the street if we take her. Besides, we can't possibly carry her so far."

Still she wept and implored, and I decided that whatever the consequences might be, she must go with us. Better that the whole family be driven out to suffer than that she should be abandoned. So we found two ropes and an old basket, and putting her into the basket we attempted to carry her, two at a time. But after going about a mile we threw the basket away and took turns carrying the helpless weight on our backs. The sun beat down fiercely, but we struggled on, and late in the afternoon we were at the end of our four-mile journey. We feared to attract attention by entering the village together, so my brother went first with his sick wife on his back, and my nephew and I lay down under some trees. After waiting some time we cautiously entered. It was a strange meeting.

There must be no sound of weeping; we did not even dare to mention my parents. My brother's four-year-old daughter, who had not seen her mother for over a month, broke into loud crying when we entered, and, in spite of all efforts to stop her, lay sobbing in her sick mother's arms.

I found that my oldest brother was very lame, and I learned later that after the death of my parents he had joined the Boxers. At one time he led four young girls belonging to the "Red Lantern Auxiliary" to attack the village of Chia Chia T'uan, a few miles from our place, where native Catholics were strongly entrenched. These girls claimed that they were possessed by the gods, and had supernatural power which would annihilate every Christian in Chia Chia T'uan. But as soon as they reached the place a Catholic fired a gun, which frightened the gods out of the girls, and they all fled for their lives. My brother attempted to run, but a wound in his leg laid him on the ground. He was rescued by Boxers, but when I saw him he was a cripple, unable to walk a step.

I did not dare linger long in the village, for it was only two miles from the great Boxer camp. So after eating a hasty meal I started toward T'ungchou, my second brother accompanying me, as he feared I would meet danger on the way. Before we started a neighbor had hastened to take word to the Boxers, and two of them took their weapons and started in pursuit. Fortunately they

took a different road, so my Heavenly Father saved me from this unseen danger. Still we did not make our journey in peace. Several times we met foreign soldiers, who pointed their guns at us, then searched us for money or valuables. Fortunately we had little that they wanted. But for the foreign letters which I was carrying and my ability to speak a little English, we might not have escaped with our lives. We saw no Chinese except a few frightened-looking men who carried foreign passports.

During that walk to T'ungchou my brother told me the story of my parents' sufferings. As I listened, bitter grief filled my heart. Though I knew that they had died for the truth, and that they were happy in heaven, I could not think of that, but only of their sorrowful last days on earth.*

I record here the story of their death as I heard it that day from my brother.

* On the first Sunday in June the T'ungchou missionaries met for the last time with the company of Christians there. When the next Sunday came several of that congregation were gathered about the Great White Throne, and as the days of carnage passed about half of the Christians of T'ungchou were numbered with the martyrs. On that June Sunday, as we sat in the women's meeting-place waiting, one after another told of her fears or her faith as she watched the oncoming storm. Mrs. Fay's face was bright and calm as she said, "For weeks I have been so troubled and restless. I have constantly had at my hand a bun-

When the Boxers began their work of slaughter in T'ungchou and the missionaries and native Christians had decided to take refuge in Peking, my parents planned to go with them and had already hired a cart. But a neighbor and my second brother earnestly opposed their going, saying that there were in Peking only a few hundred foreign soldiers. These certainly could not protect all the native Christians, and if all were gathered in one place and the Boxers broke in, there would be no hope for a single one; not even their dead bodies would be left for their friends. It would be far better to hide in some retired spot where there might be some hope of life. So my parents changed their minds and dismissed the cart. This was the mistake of my parents, but it must have been God's will to take them with other disciples to their home above.

When the missionaries left T'ungchou the carnage began. Soon the mission buildings were in ashes, and through street and alley and village hamlet the Boxers hunted down the Christians. My parents first took refuge in Mohammedan Alley with a Mohammedan named Yen, whom my father knew. The slaughter increased in the city, not only Christians, but all who had the slightest connection with the foreigners, falling

dle of clothing, ready to run at the first alarm. But now the fear and struggle are past. Whether life or death awaits me, I am trusting in my God." —Tr.

victims. So Mr. Yen became fearful that someone would tell the Boxers that my parents were hiding in his home, and he told them that they must leave. They decided to go to their village home in Wu Chia Ying. Perhaps the Boxers there would pity them and spare their lives.

They did not dare go together, so first my brother started with my father. He was sixty-four years old, and he walked with faltering steps and downcast head, his hands as cold as ice. My brother said that my father, during those last fearsome days on earth, seemed constantly conscious that his hours were numbered.

The next day my brother went back to T'ung-chou for my mother, but he sought in vain for her at the home of the Mohammedan. Then he searched everywhere, but got no clew to her whereabouts until at last he found her in a little shop belonging to one of our neighbors.

"My dear son!" cried my mother, "I thought that I should never again see your face."

Then she told of her experiences. After my father had left, someone told the Mohammedan that the Boxers knew that he was hiding Christains in his home, and that unless they were sent away immediately, his own family would perish with them. So my mother, with her fourteen-year-old grandson, Ch'ang So, went to an inn, hoping to find shelter for the night. But seeing that they were Christians the landlord refused to admit them. Then they walked to the court

where they had lived for many years, but hardly had they entered the gate when a neighbor called out:

"Please leave us at once. Don't involve us in trouble." Another said, "Old lady, don't you want to keep your head on your shoulders?"

So the two homeless ones turned away and wandered up and down the street. There was no road into heaven, there was no door into the earth. Suddenly they saw approaching a large band of Boxers in battle array. "My time to die has come," thought my mother. Daily for years she had gone to the mission, and in the dispensary, where she often talked to the women, her face had become known to thousands in the city. Surely someone in that company would recognize her. She and the boy stood still, awaiting death. Straight on walked the Boxers, and not one noticed her.

For half a day they walked the streets, and in the evening they came to the little shop belonging to a neighbor. Moved with deep pity for my mother, wandering without a resting-place, he told her that she might hide there, but that she must quickly find some other shelter, for it would not do to stay long in the shop.

It was noon the next day when my brother found her there. Not daring to leave by daylight they stayed until past midnight, then the three started together for the village home, eight miles away. Three or four years before my

mother had broken her leg, and it was still difficult for her to walk. All day they pressed on under the blazing sun, and at sunset they were near the village. Several times on the way they had met Boxers, but, fortunately, they had not been recognized. Until deep darkness fell they hid in a quiet spot outside the village, then tried to steal unseen into their home. But they met a neighbor on the way, and before many days had passed it was known, even in neighboring villages, that my parents had returned home.

The Boxers in our own village could not bear to lay violent hands on these old people whom they had known so many years as kind, honest, and peaceful, so for several days they were allowed to live in their home. But not far away was the town of Niu Mu T'un, where swarms of cruel, bloodthirsty Boxers gathered. Already they had slain many Christians in that region, and when they heard that my parents were still living in their home, they sent a message to our village band of Boxers:

"We hear that two Christians are hiding in your village. It is your duty to attend to this, and if you delay and still suffer them to live, we shall send men to kill them. Bad, indeed, will this be for your reputation. Act quickly or you will regret it."

After they had received this letter the Boxers decided that they must kill my parents. All these days my father and mother had hidden in a

tiny room, not even daring to speak aloud. No friends or relatives dared to go to see them, and my uncle forbade any of my father's grandchildren coming to his house. Day and night in my uncle's house they burned incense and bowed before the gods, and, strangest of all, my uncle had his two daughters practise the rites of the "Red Lanterns," fearing that the sins of my parents would implicate them.

On the 19th of June a leading Boxer went to our home with this message: "The great leader, moved by the spirits of the gods, has decided that you two old people ought to be killed. But we have considered that you have never committed an offence against us, so the leader graciously allows you to take your own lives to-night. If you are not willing to commit suicide to-night, in the early morning the Boxers will come with their swords and cut you in pieces."

At once my parents decided to flee, and my second brother wished to go with them, but my uncle and my older brother said:

"Escape is utterly impossible, for there are Boxers everywhere. And after you are killed, not even a bone can be found. If you die in your own home, we can bury you here."

The Boxers who brought the message, the village constable, and many leading men in the village all came urging my parents to commit suicide and thus escape the cruel swords and avert the calamity threatening the village. They circled

around them with their importunities, and vain were the efforts of my parents to escape; they could only prepare for death. So that night my mother called about her all her children and grandchildren and spoke many words of loving admonition and farewell. She divided among them as mementoes her jewelry and the little money which she had in her hands, and gave directions about her burial.

That brief time, more precious than gold, flew all too quickly. Midnight passed, then they heard the cocks crowing. Again the village leaders urged my parents to make haste, for with daylight the Boxers would come. The final farewells were said, and as those who were doomed to die stepped over the threshold, men, women, and children who loved them gathered about the door with loud lamentations. A large company of village neighbors, the constable, my uncle and older brother walked with them toward a pond southeast of the village. The night was still very dark, the path was uneven, so young men supported the steps of my father and mother.

"Are you not Kao Ssü?" said my father to the young man who was leading him. "Yes," was the reply. "And are you not afraid to do this for me?" "I am not afraid." "That is good," said my father, and no other words passed his lips before he died.

The man who was supporting my mother had been our good friend for many years. As they

walked my mother said, "I little thought that it would come to this,—that we must leave the earth. My heart is very anxious for my youngest son, Chi Ho, for I know not whether he is living or dead. If he ever returns to our village, will you for the sake of his old parents care for him and help him?"

Soon they reached the pond. My father knew that for him all earthly things were ended; the time had come for him to go to the Saviour in whom he had trusted so many years. So with a heart full of hope, without even pausing on the brink of the pond, he plunged in. But in my mother's heart grief and joy were mingled, grief that she must leave the loved ones to whom her heart clung so fondly in that hour, joy that she would soon be with Jesus, whom she had loved so long. After my father had gone she sat down on the edge of the pond, singing one of the hymns which she loved. Would that I knew what hymn she sang that night, but no Christians were with her, and no one cared or understood.

My uncle's heart was filled with anger when he heard my mother singing. By believing in Jesus, by following the foreigners, she had brought herself to the door of death, and now she sat there singing a Christian hymn! What would the neighbors think! In his rage he strode forward, and with a brutal kick sent my loved mother into the pond.

Soon two bodies floated to the surface of the water, but the souls of my parents were happy with Jesus, whom they had loved and trusted.

Dawn was flushing the east when the dead bodies were lifted from the pond and laid on the bank. There they were left until permission could be obtained from the Boxers to bury them.

True to their word the Boxers came early that morning to our home, an armed band of forty or fifty. My older brother and the neighbors burned incense and bowed down before them entreating, "Please, Teacher-brother, grant us favor, for the two old people are dead." The Boxers prepared to set fire to our house, but the neighbors feared that the flames would spread to their dwellings and begged that the house be torn down instead. Then all set to work to assist the Boxers in the work of destruction.

Later my relatives and neighbors begged the Boxer leader to allow them to bury my parents, and he consented, but forbade the wearing of mourning or weeping for them.* Still their chil-

*Perhaps some will blame the heart-broken son for seeing heaven's light beaming through the door by which his parents left earth's agonies. He did not look on their death as suicide, and certainly that of his mother was not self-inflicted. It is difficult for us to understand the horror with which the Chinese regard the mutilation of the body, and Christians who for themselves could face with calmness death in its most cruel form were sorely tempted to spare their friends, their village, the sorrow and disgrace of seeing

dren and grandchildren shed silent tears for them, and neighbors wept as they thought of the death of these innocent old people.

their mangled bodies lying on the streets. For thousands of years suicide under such circumstances has been regarded as a sacred duty, and the fact that so few Christians yielded to the temptation to escape the unspeakable horrors before them proves how well they had learned the lesson that God-given life is sacred.—Tr.

IX

The End of the Long Journey

THE night of that day of sad home-coming my brother and I lay down to rest in the east suburb of T'ungchou. There we met the Major, who wanted us to wait a day and help him drive his sheep and donkeys to Peking. We spent much of the following day walking through the ruined streets of T'ungchou. There was not a woman or child to be seen, and hardly a man. Corpses floated on the river, everywhere were seen the effects of cruelty and lust. The Russians had been worst in their atrocities, then came the French and the Germans. The city was desolate. To this had her incense-burning, her worship of the gods, her efforts to exterminate the foreigners, brought her. We stood also by the ruins of our own mission, where there was nothing to be seen but broken bricks and tile. Not even the foundations of the buildings could be distinguished.

The last stage of my wearisome journey of five hundred miles, the fourteen miles to Peking, brought to me the most trying experiences. My brother and I were given a donkey and four sheep to drive. A heavy rain had fallen in the

night, making travelling very difficult, but our difficulties were increased tenfold by the unruly sheep. First they ran east, then they ran west, then they bolted into a grain field, then they lay down in a mud-hole in the road. If we succeeded in getting them out, soon they were down in another. Then a lusty Sikh came storming toward us. Still the sheep lay in the mire, and seeing my helplessness he began beating me with the butt of his rifle. On arms and legs and shoulders fell the heavy blows. Making a tremendous effort I pulled the sheep to their feet, but soon they were down again. Thus I drove the sheep and the Sikh drove me, now cursing, now striking. Finally the sheep lay down with the evident intention of never rising again. Perspiration poured from my tired body, and I gave way to despair.

"This will never do," groaned my brother. "If you don't think of some way out of this difficulty, we shall never reach Peking. We have escaped killing at the hands of the Boxers, but it looks as if this Sikh and these four sheep would be the death of us yet."

Seeing the Major ahead on horseback, I ran toward him and told him with tears of my sad plight. He then ordered the Sikh to put the sheep into a wagon and gave me another donkey to care for.

About noon that day, the 17th of September, we entered the gates of Peking, and soon

I saw one of my college teachers, Mr. Tewksbury, riding in a cart. My heart bounded with joy, and I called his name with a glad cry. Leaping from the cart, he ran forward and grasped my hand. He wanted me to go with him then, but I told him I must first deliver the two donkeys to the Major at the Temple of Heaven.

The T'ungchou missionaries and the native Christians who had passed through the siege with them were then living at Yü Wang Fu in Peking. When I entered the gate that afternoon I saw men, women, and children whom I had known from a little child. Many gathered about me, weeping. The joy of meeting those friends struggled with grief in my heart, for as I glanced from one to another I did not see the faces of my father and mother.

That evening many gathered together to hear me tell of Shansi and of my long journey to Peking, and many wept as they listened. Since then I have told many times of God's deliverances and grace, witnessing to His protection and guidance. When I look back over my past I see many places where God stretched out His hand for special support. Though body and heart have passed through sore trials, I am filled with thankfulness because God, by His holy hand, has led me through all distresses to a place of peace and safety.

After this I spent two weeks in T'ungchou with one of my teachers and several Chinese friends,

twenty American soldiers accompanying us. We went to look through that region for scattered Christians who had escaped from the Boxers, finding many orphans, widows, and other helpless ones whose friends were numbered with the martyrs. After I returned to Peking I saw many families whose members had been scattered far and wide, who had passed through numberless dangers and trials, yet who were now gathered together in peace. This made me long still more for my father and mother. How much they had loved me! The more I thought the more I wept. Then for weeks I sat in utter darkness, my eyes so inflamed that I could not open them. The constant cry of my heart was, "Dear father, dear mother, would that I had died with you!" Friend after friend came with words of comfort and exhortation, trying to turn my thoughts toward the eternity of joy upon which my parents had entered, but their words found no entrance to my tortured heart. Sorrow hung over my past, sorrow hung over my future.

One evening as I sat alone in my room a teacher whom I had loved since I was a child came and spoke words of comfort which I can never forget. They were the words of David as he mourned the son of his love: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." These words spoke to my heart with wonderful power. Suddenly I came to myself, and deeply did I reproach myself for my folly and my ingratitude

to the God who had given me such promises, sorrowing as those who have no hope. Thenceforth, many times a day I comforted my heart by repeating the words: "I shall go to them, but they shall not return to me."

My dear teacher also said, "If your father and mother could come to you for a little time, what do you think they would say to you? Would they want you to grieve until health and sight are gone?" That night I could not sleep. Again and again I thought, "If my father and mother could come back what would they say to me?" Then it seemed as if my loved mother were close by my side, her dear hand touching my face and wiping away the tears, while she said, "My little son, do not mourn thus for us. Do not thing of our sufferings on earth, but see our present joy. With a perfect heart, an earnest mind, serve your Master, and soon the time will come when we shall meet, never to part again."

The next morning I rose in peace, feeling new strength in my body, and began to eat as usual. In a few days my eyes were better so that I could see God's light and his beautiful creations again, while many friends, in whose hearts seemed to dwell the love which my father and mother had borne me, were constantly thinking of ways to comfort and cheer me.

And now the story of many months of Mr. Fay's life will be condensed into a few words.

In the middle of May, 1901, he started with Mr. and Mrs. Tewksbury for a summer in Japan. He found much to interest him and to drive away sad visions of the past in this beautiful country. While there a letter from a teacher told him that his college friend, K'ung Hsiang Hsi, was going with her to America in a few weeks. Soon this teacher received a letter through which ran the longing cry, "How I wish that I could go too!" For ten years the purpose of studying in an American college had been cherished; hence his eagerness to learn English. Now father and mother were gone, all home ties were broken, and his letter contained the ringing words, "I shall not abandon my purpose; I shall hold the diploma of an American college in my hand."

Late in August, when the *Doric* reached Yokohama, Mr. Fay was there ready to join his teacher and his college friend. The account of his voyages and the hardships which still awaited him will be found in a later chapter.

Part II

The Story of K'ung Hsiang Hsi

THE STORY OF K'UNG* HSIANG HSI

I

Early Days

IN the city of Tai Ku, Shansi, one who passed through the streets, flanked by high-walled compounds with their picturesque gateways, could not fail to note a residence larger and more attractive than its neighbors. Here lived the wealthiest, most influential man in Tai Ku, in whose veins flowed blood bluer than that of which the proudest aristocrat of the Occident could boast. Back in the centuries before Christ he traced his ancestry, for he was a direct descendant of the great "K'ung Fu-tzu" (Latinized to "Confucius"). In the extensive courts belonging to these premises there was much to interest and delight the eye, quaint furniture and bric-a-brac, handed down through generations. With the family of the master of this home lived his brother and two motherless children, a boy and a girl. The boy was K'ung Hsiang Hsi, the hero of our sad story. His finely chiselled, sensitive face, his hands, slender and delicate as a woman's, his refinement of speech and manner,

* Pronounced "Koong."

bore witness that his was the heritage of more than two thousand years of education and wealth and rank,—the best that the Old China could give.

But to this boy had come a new and better heritage. For him there was a spot in that city far dearer than that Christless home of ease and comfort. He had gone to it first one Sunday when a little child, holding his father's hand. To the motherless boy, with his sensitive, loving heart, the world had seemed very big and cold, and a new warmth and love came into it that first day when he gathered with other children about the kind-faced missionary lady with the strange blue eyes. He had never seen blue eyes before, but they looked very lovingly into the boy's dark-brown ones, and the pretty picture card which he carried home kept reminding him of her. There were some boys who lived with that missionary lady all the time, for she and her husband had a little boarding-school. He thought it must be much nicer than his Confucian school. The next Sunday he persuaded his father to take him again, then that mission compound became his home, and for eight years he studied there. He was only twelve when he was baptized into the name of the Saviour whom he had begun to love four years before, on that first Sunday when he had heard His name. Mrs. Clapp gave him the first mother love which his lonely heart had known since his own mother died. Later Miss Bird

MR. K'UNG IN NATIVE SUMMER DRESS

joined the mission, and became the guide and inspiration of his life. To her sympathetic ear he told his trials, his joys, and his life purposes, and her wise counsel and strong common sense were invaluable to the quick-tempered lad so easily swayed by impulse. When Mr. and Mrs. Williams went to Tai Ku, the bright-faced lad soon won their hearts, and later more than one college vacation was spent in their home, sometimes in the city, sometimes in the compound at Jen Ts'un, cool with the shade of trees, fragrant with beautiful flowers. Hsiang Hsi helped the missionaries in their evangelistic work during vacations, and often assisted Miss Bird in her study of Chinese. It was the Tai Ku missionaries who sent Hsiang Hsi to the North China College, near Peking, five hundred miles from his home.

II

In Peril with Missionary Friends

ON May 21, 1900, Hsiang Hsi, then nineteen years old, completed the Junior year in college, and soon started for Tai Ku, travelling from Peking to Pao Ting Fu by the railroad which a few days later was destroyed by the Boxers. He spent a day in Pao Ting Fu, and Mr. Pitkin, who met him for the first time at morning chapel, and was moved by his earnest prayer, invited him to come to his study in the evening. Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill, and Miss Gould met for their weekly prayer meeting that night, and when it was ended Mr. Pitkin had a long talk with the young student, telling him how numerous the Boxers were in the city, how the officials were still protecting the missionaries, how the future, all unknown, they would trust to the love and wisdom of their God. Then they knelt in prayer, and Mr. Pitkin forgot his own perils and anxieties in praying that God would keep his young friend on his long journey.

From Pao Ting Fu a newly built railroad took Hsiang Hsi fifty miles further, shortening his journey so that on the 2d of June, after dark-

ness had fallen, he reached the mission compound in the city of Tai Ku. He found there only Chinese friends, for the missionaries were spending the hot summer days in the new buildings in the south suburb. Very loving was the welcome which he received the next morning from Mr. Williams, Miss Bird, Mrs. Clapp, and later in the day from Mr. Clapp, who had gone to an outstation to hold services.

Hsiang Hsi settled down to help the missionaries as usual in their summer work. Miss Bird studied Chinese with him every morning, and not a shadow of impending calamity darkened those first happy days of reunion. To be sure, there were reports of the persecution of Catholics in other places, but the Boxers had not been allowed to set up their altars in Tai Ku.

So two weeks passed. Then came a letter from Mr. Pitkin with the startling report that the North China College had been destroyed. It was the last sure word which crossed the western mountains for many a weary week, though rumors of terrible things reached Hsiang Hsi's ears.

Five miles from Tai Ku was the village church of Tung Fang, which Miss Partridge, Miss Bird, and the other missionary ladies often visited on Sunday to teach the women. Miss Bird was usually accompanied by her faithful old servant. June 17, knowing that Miss Bird was going to this village, Hsiang Hsi proposed to go with her in place of the old man, for he was apprehensive

of danger. Unknown to Miss Bird, he got a pistol from his uncle, and they set out, Miss Bird sitting inside the small, covered cart, Hsiang Hsi riding outside with the driver. Rude stares and ruder laughter greeted them everywhere. "Still the foreigners go about," a bystander exclaimed in tones intended for their ears, "but they'll all be killed soon." Another added, "There's an abominable native devil too, a spy, one of those who are betraying our country to the foreigners." "Never mind, the native devils will all be wiped out too." "See how dry the fields are; no wonder the heavens refuse us rain while these church devils infest the land."

These remarks were not pleasant to hear, but no violence was offered, and there was a helpful meeting with the little company of Christians, many of whom were soon to wear the martyr's crown.

Another Sabbath came. It did not seem best for the missionaries to attempt to reach any of the villages, but in the early morning Hsiang Hsi accompanied them into the city, where they spent the day holding meetings in the mission compound. The boys' boarding-school there had been dismissed the night before, and the departure of the students with their baggage started the rumor that the foreigners were fleeing. So before time for the service a crowd gathered outside the high brick walls, and an occasional brickbat emphasized the cry, "Sha! Sha!" (Kill! Kill!)

which the coming weeks made so painfully familiar. The Boxers were not yet formally organized in Tai Ku, but their spirit was abroad in the land. The crowd increased, and with it the tumult of sound. At the time for the church service the gate, which had been bolted against the mob, was opened, and they were invited to enter and attend the service. Many of the bolder ones pushed in, some to crowd the chapel, some to wander about the compound. But those who remained outside were more quiet for a time. When the service was over, the pandemonium of sound on the street increased, and not until night did the crowd of over a thousand disperse. Meanwhile the missionaries, with Hsiang Hsi and others, who were living outside the city, had returned to their homes, some of them avoiding the mob by leaving the city compound by a little gate in the rear.

This same week the Boxers began to drill in Tai Ku. Before the dawning of the next Sunday, July 1, it was known that some of the missions in Tai Yuan Fu, about forty miles away, had been burned, and that one missionary had perished in the flames. Mr. Davis and Miss Partridge came in from the stations of Jen Ts'un and Li Man to join the Tai Ku missionaries. Definite plans were reported for attacking the mission outside the city, and as there was no strong wall about it the missionaries, and the little Christian community which was sharing their dangers,

moved early that Sunday morning to the city compound. There they worked for hours bricking up gateways, fortifying as best they could the place where for a month they were to remain in a state of semi-siege. It was a strange, sad Sabbath, but they gathered in the afternoon for a service and thanked God for the long-hoped-for rain which had been falling gently through the day. Perhaps now the Boxers would scatter to their farms.

But they did not scatter. Drought was only the pretext for the anti-foreign crusade; the cause lay deeper. Native Christians, men, women, and children, gathered with the missionaries until the company numbered about forty. Day and night patrols were established. Again and again the crowds outside their bolted gate would cry, "Kill the foreigners!" and when no mob was assembled a solitary passer would often call out a prolonged "Sha-a-a" as he passed the houses. Then the sound of a rude street ditty would float over the wall:

> "Soon will our Boxer braves
> Wipe out the foreign knaves;
> Then will the heavens drop rain,
> And peace return again."

We can record only two of Hsiang Hsi's special adventures during this first week of July.

His sister had studied with Miss Partridge and Ruth in the school at Li Man, and was at the south suburb with them that Sunday morning

when they took refuge in the city compound. Her unbound feet would proclaim the fact that she was a "follower of the foreigners," and expose her to insult, if not to actual danger, in her uncle's home in Tai Ku. Neither was her father willing that she should remain with the missionaries. So Hsiang Hsi engaged a cart and took her to her grandmother's home several miles from the city, where her father was teaching a little school. From there she was to be taken to the home of an aunt in another village, where it was hoped that she could remain concealed. Hsiang Hsi committed his sister to his father's hands, then hastened back to the missionaries, who might need his help that critical Sabbath day. On the way out they had met no one who recognized them, but Hsiang Hsi had a narrow escape on his return. About five miles from the city his carter stopped and entered a shop for a smoke. Close by, on a level spot of ground, Boxers were practising. As Hsiang Hsi sat on the cart watching them, a man at the shop door called out, "Don't you Christians say that there are no gods?" "No," Hsiang Hsi replied quietly, "but we say there is only one God. Haven't you heard the first commandment?" The man continued his rude questions, with the evident design of calling attention to the fact that there was a "follower of the foreign devils" in their midst. Three Boxers from the crowd suddenly rushed down the road toward his cart. Two brandished

clubs, the other carried a huge knife. Barefooted, with dishevelled hair, wild eyes, and lips swollen with the rage of their mad orgies and the sight of a hated Christian, they called "Sha! Sha!" and came forward with great leaps. Quick as a flash Hsiang Hsi jerked his pistol from his belt and aimed toward them. They stopped, panting like wild beasts baffled in pursuit of their prey, and swung their weapons in fierce frenzy. Several men came forward and drew the madmen back, doubtless more concerned for their safety than for that of the young man with white face and firmly grasped pistol. Hsiang Hsi called for the carter, who had not dared to come out to his rescue. He lashed the mule to a gallop, and soon the murderous cries of the enraged Boxers died away in the distance.

Two or three days after the missionaries had all moved into the city, Hsiang Hsi and another schoolboy, Chen Fu, volunteered to go back to their deserted houses and get clothing, medicine, and other needed articles. Mr. Sang, with a carter and a servant, accompanied them. In the city gates crowds had assembled to read the Boxer proclamations. Recognizing the Christian young men, the roughs and small boys took upon themselves the duties of street heralds, and proclaimed the notices most vociferously. In the mission compound outside the city a large open cart was loaded with trunks and covered over with hay. They were just passing through the city gate on

their return when one of the soldiers guarding it called "Halt." Two or three armed soldiers came up; others in uniforms, but without their weapons, gathered around; and the rabble closed in about them on all sides. The three young men presented a bold front; at the least sign of fear the rabble would have laid hands on the cart, for evidently plunder was their object. There was loud parleying as the soldiers insisted that they must search the cart for contrabrand. Hsiang Hsi asked, "Do you search all the trunks that go through this gate? What is your reason for searching this special cart?" The pistol at his belt was quite conspicuous. There was an occasional cry of "Sha!" from the crowd. The soldier in charge of the gate then came forward, and seeing that a tumult was brewing, he told the young men that if the things in the cart were simply personal property which they were moving, they might go on. So the crowd parted, and the trunks were safely unloaded in the privacy of the mission compound. This incident was the occasion for the starting of the wild rumor that the foreigners had just taken six huge cannon into their place. This rumor was almost universally believed, and the result was several days of comparative quiet, and a fear which for many days kept the Boxers from venturing over the walls.

From a house roof near the rear of the mission compound those on guard could look directly down on a temple court where a band of Boxers

practised constantly, and their words could be plainly heard. "There is no escape for the contemptible devils. We'll have them all, foreign and native. And then it will rain." One day Hsiang Hsi heard an interesting business conversation in this temple court. "Here are your black beans, eleven cash apiece." Then followed elaborate directions for boiling the beans, for sprinkling the water in which they were boiled, for scattering the beans, for burning incense and bowing toward the southeast. Thus the malign influences of the foreign devils could be counteracted. Hsiang Hsi peered over the roof and saw a Buddhist priest seated in the court doing a thriving business in charmed beans. Thus cupidity and superstition went hand in hand.

On the fifth night after all the missionaries had gathered in the city compound, a frightened Chinese woman gave a false alarm that the Boxers had broken in, and in a hurried flight toward the house where it had been arranged that all should gather, Mrs. Clapp fell down a flight of stairs, spraining an ankle and injuring an arm. The question of taking refuge in the mountains had been discussed, but Mrs. Clapp's accident decided it in the negative.

The next Sunday, July 8, news was brought of the first martyrdom among the Tai Ku Christians. The missionaries had been killed or driven out from all of the mission stations in this region ex-

cept Fen Chou Fu and Tai Yuan Fu, and the reports brought by trusty messengers of the circumstances of those imprisoned in the latter place were not ominous. Hsiang Hsi still stayed in the mission compound, and Miss Bird refers to him in her journal as "Our T'ungchou student, who has stood by us so bravely when he might easily be in a place of perfect safety, among his heathen relatives," and again she says, "He is a great comfort now, and he is capable and energetic as well as true." The greatest of Hsiang Hsi's trials was his father's importunities to leave the doomed missionaries. Day after day he came and with tears entreated his son not to throw away his life. "Go home with me; death may come here at any time. Are you not my only son? What good will it do your friends for you to die with them? If you live you can devote your life to preaching Christ to these deluded people. Have you no love for your poor father?" Then when he saw that his son was immovable he would announce his determination to stay and die with him and the missionaries. He loved them too. He was willing to die for the truth.

The uncle with whom Hsiang Hsi and his father lived, a man of influence and official position, wrote letters reminding him in sterner words of his duty to his family. "Are you not of the noble clan of Confucius, the only son of your father, his hope and pride? Where is your filial

love?" This uncle believed in the Boxers, and was convinced that certain death was the fate of all in the mission compound. But neither entreaties nor arguments availed with Hsiang Hsi, to whose burdened heart death seemed almost better than life, and who knew that once in his uncle's house he would be beset by constant temptations to recant. His uncle had even threatened to get him away from the fated compound by having him arrested for unfilial conduct. Better a few months of imprisonment, a beating of a few hundred strokes in a Yamen, than death as a Christian. Hsiang Hsi was constantly on his guard lest his relatives take him away by force, and hardly dared to leave the compound, suspecting that men had been stationed near with orders to seize him if he appeared on the street.

III

Separation

AS dangers thickened about the little band of missionaries, they often urged their Chinese to leave them. "Brother," said Mr. Williams to Hsiang Hsi, "you cannot save our lives by staying with us. Would it not be better to hide somewhere? Then when the trouble is over, you, with your education and knowledge of the truth, could take up the work which we shall lay down."

Every day Hsiang Hsi went to Mrs. Clapp, as she lay on her couch, and heard her loving words of comfort and counsel. She did not dare say "Go" or "Stay" to the troubled boy; he must decide himself, and her only prayer was that God would keep him. Under the date of July 11 Mr. Clapp wrote in his journal of Hsiang Hsi: "His friends are using every means to get him away from us. To-day his sister came,* and says the boy must go home with her to-night. That means that they will forcibly detain him there. As he is in imminent danger of being killed if he stays

* This sister had met great perils in the country village to which she had been taken, and had finally been sent back to her uncle's home in Tai Ku.

here, and to go to them would ensure personal safety for a time, it is very hard for him to decide to remain. May God help him to be true to his Saviour, is all we can ask."

Hsiang Hsi never for a moment wavered in his decision not to desert his beloved friends. But his sister brought with her a letter from his uncle, written the day before. It gave in detail a plan for the missionaries to escape to an old fort in the mountains. Hsiang Hsi feared treachery, not on the part of his uncle, but from officials who knew of the plan, and he wished to go to his uncle to make careful inquiries. The next day came another reason for his going. That 11th day of July had been the saddest of all sad days at the mission, for it brought tidings of the slaughter of forty-five missionaries and many native Christians at Tai Yuan Fu by direct order of the governor. On the 12th our Tai Ku band heard that the governor had sent strict orders to the local magistrate to destroy them on the 20th of July, and they wanted Hsiang Hsi to ask his uncle, who was in close connection with the officials, what he thought of this report. When Hsiang Hsi went to see his uncle about the plan for hiding in the mountain fort, his uncle said that circumstances had changed since he wrote the letter. The killing of the foreigners at Tai Yuan Fu under the eye of the governor showed that there was no longer hope of official protection. Then he told Hsiang Hsi that he was

on no account to return to the doomed compound. "If you could save one or two of the friends who have done so much for you by sacrificing your life, I would let you go." "But I *must* go back now," the boy replied. "The missionaries sent me and I must give them your answer." Then his uncle commanded him to come directly home after he had delivered his message. If he failed to do so, he would have him arrested for unfilial conduct.

Soon Hsiang Hsi was back with his friends. He and several other Christians urged the missionaries to try at once to make their escape in the night. It was only a few miles to the lonely mountains, where they might perhaps travel unnoticed. Going south they would soon be beyond the power of Shansi's terrible governor, and might make their way through more friendly territory to the sea. These faithful Chinese would stay with them for life or death. On the 13th and 14th this plan was discussed, and at one time it was decided to go, then other counsels prevailed. Hsiang Hsi still pleaded that at least one or two of the missionaries flee in disguise with him, and though they refused to separate he kept close at hand one of his own garments, hoping that at the last moment one would wear it as a disguise and escape with him. He told Miss Bird of a queer pocket in the back of the compound so difficult of access that the Boxers would not be likely to notice it, so small that only one could be concealed there.

"Run to this when the Boxers come," he said, "and I will get you out after they are gone." If he could not save even one, still he would stay and die with them.

Miss Bird told Hsiang Hsi that his presence was a strength and comfort to them all, but she said repeatedly, "Hsiang Hsi, I don't want you to stay and die with us; when the end comes I want you to try to escape over the wall." Hsiang Hsi has in his possession to-day a touching memento of Miss Bird's thoughtful love. It is a belt which she made for him, sewing into it small pieces of silver, that when he took his flight he might not go penniless.

Hsiang Hsi testifies to the courage and quiet trustfulness of that little company. Day and night he was with them, sometimes on patrol duty, sometimes taking the hours when he might have slept for quiet, heart-to-heart talks. They went about their duties as usual, meeting each day for prayers, trying in every way to help and strengthen the Chinese who are sharing their perils. Daily Miss Bird and Miss Partridge held meetings with the women. Hsiang Hsi expressed wonder that they could still perform their usual tasks when death waited at the door. Miss Bird smiled and told him an incident in the life of her mother. One dark day—during a solar eclipse, when all others were in alarm and confusion—her mother went about her accustomed household tasks, and when someone ques-

tioned her she said, "If Jesus is coming to-day, I want Him to find me at my post doing my duty." One day when Hsiang Hsi urged Miss Bird to flee she said, "If the work which the Lord wants me to do in China is not yet finished, the Boxers cannot harm me. I will just trust in Jesus. The suffering will not be long, then I shall be with Him."

Hsiang Hsi's sister went home from the mission compound the night of July 13 with her father. That night Hsiang Hsi committed to his father's hands for concealment according to his directions, letters written by Miss Bird and Miss Partridge to their loved ones in America. Hsiang Hsi promised them that if he survived them, he would himself place them in the hands of some foreigner. Not since May had messengers succeeded in working their way to the coast, and Hsiang Hsi knew that these last letters were more precious than rubies. On the 14th of July Miss Bird sat in her room writing another farewell letter to her mother. Hsiang Hsi sat there too, and hearing his sobs Miss Bird came to his side and said gently, "Hsiang Hsi, do not grieve so for me,—I am not afraid to die. And whatever comes to me, I know that my mother will not regret my coming to China. I do not know whether I have helped a single soul, but if I have, I do not regret coming."

The letter which had just been written was given into Hsiang Hsi's keeping, and he said he

would go at once and conceal it with the others in his uncle's home. He must go there that night anyway, for he had promised Dr. Sang to see his uncle about helping him and other Christians to escape from Tai Ku.

"Are you not afraid that your family will prevent your coming back to us?" asked Miss Bird. "My things are all here yet; I will surely return," he said confidently. As they sat talking, Miss Bird was called to supper. "Are you not going to see Mrs. Clapp?" she asked. "It is just supper time; I will see her when I come back." So they parted—and Hsiang Hsi will not see the face of one of that beloved company of missionaries again until they meet where partings and heartaches are no more. He succeeded, as he had predicted, in getting away from his uncle's home, but just as he got back to the mission he met a young man, Chen Fu, who was going outside the city to join the Lius, Sangs, and Ruth, who were to start that night to find a refuge in the mountains. Loyally had the native Christians stayed by the missionaries. But the day before when the missionaries began to talk of flight, the Christians had made plans to scatter, so that night of July 14 few were left in the mission compound. Hsiang Hsi went with his friend outside the city to see him and the others started safely on their journey. He expected to be back in the mission in an hour or two, so no farewells were said. Outside the city he found the band of refugees had not suc-

ceeded in hiring carts. He stayed to help them until darkness fell and the city gates were closed. He could not return to the mission that night. Ruth gave him a bundle of her clothing for his sister, and the Sangs gave him some valuable surgical instruments to hide away for them. He must take them to his home, but he must not show himself there, lest he be forcibly detained. The city gates open at daylight. His family were late risers. He thought that he could steal into the yard before any of them were up, leave his packages, and be back in the mission before anyone saw him. But his family had been on the watch for him all night, and he was hardly inside the yard before his father and a servant were ready to prevent his departure. He was to be imprisoned in his own home. Vainly he pleaded to be allowed to go back, if only to say farewell. What would his friends think of this desertion? What if death should come to them before he could explain or say one last parting word? His wild grief only confirmed the belief of his relatives that he had been bewitched. He could not eat or sleep, and lay most of the time half stunned with grief. Still his thoughtful love for his teacher did not cease. He knew that she lacked cool summer clothing so he took a white linen garment of his sister's and persuaded his father to go with it to the mission compound. In the garment he wrapped a piteous little note. "I am a prisoner. Fly? I have no wings. Die? Death will not come

to me." Miss Bird could only write a few words in reply as Hsiang Hsi's father waited impatiently, but she told him that he would find the thoughts of her heart in the first chapter of Philippians, beginning with the 19th verse. In those beautiful words she expressed the hope that Christ might be magnified in her body, whether by life or by death. "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better." So her last word to her beloved pupil was, "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for his sake."

Hsiang Hsi's friends were not indifferent to his sorrow, and during those days of his captivity they talked more than once of plans for the deliverance of the missionaries. The uncle even consented to conceal four of them, though it would have been at great risk to himself. He would not venture to conceal six. If the Boxers broke into the mission and found two or three victims, it might satisfy them, but if they found that all had escaped they would surely hunt them down, wherever they were. Hsiang Hsi knew that it was useless to suggest to some of his friends that they take refuge in his home, leaving their comrades to certain death, so the plan was not even proposed to them.

IV

The Reign of Terror

ON the evening of July 30 Hsiang Hsi's uncle came to the distracted boy with the good news that it was rumored on the street that an edict had been issued commanding that foreigners be protected. "To-morrow you may go to visit your friends." A great load rolled from Hsiang Hsi's heart, and for the first time he slept peacefully through the night. The next morning he bathed and changed his clothing for the first time during his imprisonment, ate his morning meal about eleven o'clock, and then, exhausted and weak, lay down for a nap before going to the mission. Even as he slept the tragedy impending for so many weeks was being enacted. He was aroused from sleep by his cousin, who rushed wildly into his room, crying, "The Boxers have come!" Not far behind was Hsiang Hsi's uncle, pale with fear lest he had already left for the mission. He had heard on the street that the foreigners were to be attacked in force that day. "They are burning the mission compound outside the city!" he gasped. "Oh!" said Hsiang Hsi with a great feeling of relief, "we expected that they would burn those deserted houses a month

ago." But he had hardly ceased speaking when someone came in, saying, "It is the houses in the city which are burning." Hsiang Hsi made a rush for the door, but his uncle was there before him, and soon he was securely locked in a room in an inner court.

But they could not shut out sight and sound from the almost frenzied boy. From his latticed window he could see the smoke from the houses half a mile away, and hear the howling of the mob and the reports of rifles. Gradually his passion of grief gave way to calm. "They are not afraid; I will not fear for them." Night came while the savage mob was still raging over the burning ruins where, half-buried in the bricks and stones which had been hurled at them, lay the headless bodies of six missionaries and eight faithful Chinese who had perished with them. Later Hsiang Hsi heard the stories of that massacre, but at the time imagination spared him none of the horrors. All through the night his cry was, "If I could only have died with them!" A rumor reached him that only five foreigners were killed. Did Miss Bird go to that hidden corner and wait there vainly for him to rescue her? All the next day he was locked in his room. Then the story of the tragedy left him not a ray of hope, and there was no more need of bolts and bars.

As he lived on, concealed in his uncle's house, his half-dazed brain refused to believe that his loved ones were really dead. So often they

seemed to come to him, whether in waking or sleeping dreams he could not tell. He would see Miss Bird sitting with her head resting on her hand, her face peaceful and lifelike, and often in his solitary room he seemed not to be alone.

There was a reign of terror in Tai Ku. Eighty were killed during those fearsome weeks, and of the forty Christian survivors some had recanted, though in many cases the friends of the Christians, without their knowledge or consent, had gone to the officials and obtained certificates of recantation for them. Houses in which one Christian book was found were burned to the ground. Hsiang Hsi's family searched for all of his schoolbooks and Christian books and burned them, fearing that the house would be searched by the Boxers and all the inmates killed if the books were found. But by a strange providence a tiny New Testament which had been given him by Miss Bird fell to one side when the books were placed in the furnace, and with a thrill of joy he pulled it out from the ashes which had concealed it. Then he succeeded in hiding it in a disused building in a back court where furniture was stored. There was a deep cupboard filled with old papers on which dust had gathered. Wrapping the tiny book loosely in some of the papers and disturbing the dust as little as possible he placed it in the cupboard. Members of his family came more than once to that very cupboard to search, but seeing the dust undisturbed, turned away. Hsiang

Hsi's father had Christian books at his school outside the city. The Boxers made a raid and destroyed the books, but fortunately Mr. K'ung was away at the time. Twice, however, he was chased by Boxers, and for weeks his life was in constant peril.

Hsiang Hsi's uncle constantly urged him to recant, writing out for him a form to which by threats and entreaties he tried to get him to sign his name. Still he refused. "Though I knew that the Boxers would kill me, I would not recant or burn incense." Imprisonment and punishment seemed light things to the lad whose heart was breaking with agony for his friends. "Surely the boy has been bewitched," groaned his uncle, and every day he burned incense and read Buddhist prayers for him. "Why not confess your sin in forsaking the gods of your fathers, and cease to bring calamity upon us? The Boxers will surely find that you are here." At last the father himself wrote out a statement that his son had studied with the foreigners many years, but that several weeks before he had taken him away from the mission, and that now he could no longer be regarded as a Christian. This his uncle gave to the official, and because of the high position of the K'ung family, it was accepted as a recantation.

But some who had recanted had afterward been killed by the Boxers. Rumors were abroad in the city that Hsiang Hsi was still alive. On the other

hand it was reported that he and his sister had died with the foreigners, Ruth having been mistaken for his sister. An old hag who lived opposite the K'ung home kept telling how she saw two headless ghosts, a man and a woman, pacing up and down the street. Several servants of the K'ung family left, fearing that search would be made for Hsiang Hsi and that they would be involved in the trouble. "If I stay here," said the lad, "you may all suffer with me—I will run away somewhere; then if the Boxers kill me I alone will suffer." "No," said his friends, "then we would not even know where your bones lay. Stay here, and if you must die let us have the comfort of laying your body in the grave." Then as danger grew more imminent his father tried to persuade him to commit suicide by jumping into a well. "Spare me the pain of seeing you murdered and your body mangled and dismembered."

On the night of August 8 the rumors which had been current in regard to the K'ung family became more alarming. Everywhere it was said that two foreigners were hidden there, and that search was to be made at once by the Boxers. Hsiang Hsi's uncle knew that this was no idle threat, and that this search would surely lead to the discovery and murder of his Christian nephew, and probably of himself and family. The next morning his uncle came into the room in which he was hidden and bade him prepare clothing and a little bedding for a journey. A

closed cart was waiting. In the back was a place, usually packed with luggage, into which Hsiang Hsi was stowed, and his bedding was piled in front of him to the top of the cart, so that it looked as if his uncle and cousin who rode outside were the only occupants of the cart. That very noon a literary man, a friend of Hsiang Hsi's father, appeared at the door of the K'ung family drenched with perspiration, crying, " The Boxers have just killed a woman, and are on their way here ! "

Meanwhile Hsiang Hsi and his uncle had reached a shop belonging to the family in a village about three miles from Tai Ku. Arrangements had already been made with the man in charge of the shop to find a hiding-place for Hsiang Hsi somewhere in the country. If any house could be found to harbor him, half the value of the house would be paid for sheltering him a month or less, and if he lived there over a month the entire value of the house would be given. Even if the Boxers discovered the hiding-place, the K'ungs would visit no punishment on the family who tried to conceal him. At this shop Hsiang Hsi's uncle left him, anxious to return to his threatened home in the city and promising to send word when it seemed safe for him to return to Tai Ku.

The shopkeeper made arrangements with a relative named Wang, who was visiting him that day with his family, to accept the terms offered by Hsiang Hsi's uncle. This family lived five miles from Tai Ku. Until dark Hsiang Hsi re-

mained concealed in the inner court. Then a man stole in and told him to follow him, but not so closely as to appear to be his companion. He was led through a garden back of the inn and told to wait in the shelter of some trees. Boxers were practising not far away, and the sound of their orgies made the night hideous. Hsiang Hsi could be plainly seen in the moonlight and had a narrow escape from being betrayed by a passer-by whose suspicions were allayed only by Hsiang Hsi's familiarity with the place and his ready answers when questioned. He was relieved when a long cart came by with Mr. and Mrs. Wang and their thirteen-year-old son, and he rode on the cart without mishap until they approached the village where they lived. Then Mr. Wang said:

"I'm afraid to have you ride in the cart any farther, for when we left the village there were only three in the cart, and it will arouse suspicion if four return."

So Hsiang Hsi followed behind the cart. It was about eleven in the evening, and many were sitting about their doors or on the threshing-floors enjoying the coolness and the bright moonlight. After Hsiang Hsi had passed one of the groups he heard a man say:

"That man following the cart doesn't look like one belonging in this village."

Other words followed, then Hsiang Hsi was ordered to halt. There was a hurried conversation between him and the villager, who was deter-

mined that no suspicious stranger should bring a curse on the place, and how it might have ended is uncertain, but Mr. Wang, fearful of losing the money, which seemed to him like a small fortune, called out, "That is our guest; let him alone."

"How is that?"

"He is a friend of a relative of ours, travelling in our company for safety in these troublous times. He will proceed on his journey after staying with us a night."

"That's all right," said the man, "but you know there is a law now against lodging strangers."

No Boxer band lived in this little hamlet, but there were several bands in villages from half a mile to three miles away. The home of the Wangs consisted of three rooms. The middle one was a square hallway, with doors opening on either side, one leading to the large family room, the other to a very small room in a somewhat ruinous condition, dirty, dark, and musty, used as a storeroom. In this room Hsiang Hsi was concealed, with orders never to let himself be seen or heard. Here he was shut in with his gloomy thoughts without a book, a paper, even a Bible, for solace, while the summer damp steamed in his face, and swarming vermin made his retreat loathsome. Every word spoken in the other rooms was plainly audible. As the days passed it was evident that there were suspicions abroad, and but for Mrs. Wang's quick wit the refugee

would have been discovered. One day a woman entering unexpectedly caught a glimpse of Hsiang Hsi, and showed her determination, on one pretext after another, to investigate the mystery. Finally Mrs. Wang waxed wrathful, and exclaimed:

"Do you suspect that I have stolen some of your things and hidden them in that room?"

The woman retired once more, baffled. Others would come in, saying:

"Isn't there someone living in that room?"

"Absurd!" Mrs. Wang would reply. "Do you think anyone could live there day after day, and no one hear him breathing, or coughing, or snoring?"

But one night the closeness of the sultry room and the multiplicity of vermin tempted Hsiang Hsi to lie down in the open yard. He overslept, and a neighbor saw him there in the early morning. But either friendship for the Wangs or bribery made him henceforth a partner to the plot, and soon the day came when he saved Hsiang Hsi's life. He came out just in time to meet a fierce band of Boxers who were almost upon Hsiang Hsi's retreat. "What are you here for?" he asked.

"We are after that native devil concealed in Mr. Wang's house."

"A man concealed in Mr. Wang's house!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! I go there constantly; not a cat or a dog could be hidden away,

there, much less a man. Why, I've just come from there."

There was much talking back and forth, then the neighbor said, "If you doubt my word, and insist on searching that house, the guilt is yours. Do you suspect me of wanting to protect the native devils?" Thus the Boxers were persuaded to turn away, and Hsiang Hsi heard their cries of "Sha! Sha!" as they passed within a few feet of the door. A few weeks earlier they would not have been so easily baffled of their prey, but the rumor was current that a foreign army held Peking, that the court was fleeing, that proclamations had been published forbidding Boxer drill, and the halcyon days of the Boxers were past.

The end of August came, and Hsiang Hsi was rejoiced to see the face of his father, and to know that he too had succeeded in hiding from his ruthless foes during those long weeks of separation. He had come to tell his son of a new hiding-place where they might live together. A wealthy man, a cousin of Hsiang Hsi's mother, had closed the shop connected with the extensive premises where he lived in the village of Wang Ts'un, and was living in peace and plenty with few to interrupt his quiet. "Bring your son here by all means," he said as soon as he heard the story of the past months. "Why didn't you come to me with your trouble long ago?"

Another night journey with his father brought

Hsiang Hsi to this new refuge. In the quiet days that followed his cousin told him of a secret dwelling in that same village belonging to a wealthy relative. In one room stood a tall cupboard of a kind common in all Chinese houses, but part of the back was movable, and communicated with a dark, secret passage leading to a courtyard with high walls, containing a comfortable house of three rooms. In the network of large and small courts belonging to this establishment, none but the initiated would ever suspect the existence of this secret dwelling.

"If you had only known," Hsiang Hsi's cousin said, "and had brought your foreign friends here, I could have concealed them."

"If I had only known!" A new drop was added to the cup of regret, and the very comfort and peace of the place seemed to mock him.

Here Hsiang Hsi and his father stayed about three weeks, then his uncle came with a cart and took him back to his home. On that journey Hsiang Hsi rode inside the cart, and his uncle rode outside, a pistol ready at his hand. Still he lived in semi-concealment, and Christian friends who came to seek for him were told that he was not at home.

V

Testing and Deliverance

BY October the danger seemed over and he was free to seek out any Christians who might have survived. Then it was that a new bitterness stole gradually into Hsiang Hsi's heart. During all those past months of danger and agony, faith and hope had never deserted him. Had he not read in history that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church? Was not the Bible full of promises for just such times of persecution? But when he saw the physical suffering and poverty of "the remnant" and heard the scoffs of their enemies, the light in his heart began to fade, and the question "Why?"—handmaid of insanity and scepticism—began to ring in his ears. The leaders in the church, those who were best grounded in the faith, the more spiritually minded, were nearly all among the martyrs. Of the survivors many had recanted, and though this recantation had with many been only nominal or indirect, it accounted in a measure for the spirit of discouragement which prevailed. It was a year of drought and famine. The homes of the Christians had been burned, their property all destroyed. Though their lives were no longer

in great danger, persecution and insult awaited them everywhere. They heard that there were great foreign armies in the province to the east, but not one of the Shansi Boxers had suffered for his crimes, and though missionaries were waiting not far from the borders of Shansi, longing to hasten to the relief of the Christians, no foreigner could yet venture into that bloodstained province without an army to protect him. By winter the clouds had thickened about poor Hsiang Hsi. Were the taunts of their enemies true, and was this the last of the Jesus Church in Shansi? Of what use had been that terrible sacrifice of life? The heathen cried to their gods for rain, and the heavens were as brass; he cried to his God for light and pity for himself, for the persecuted church, and he heard no answer. Was there a God after all?

He had promised Miss Bird that whatever happened he would read his Bible and pray every day. The precious Testament which she had given him had been the only book saved from destruction, but he had not been able to take it with him on his exile. In the autumn he took the little book from its hiding-place, and for a few weeks read it faithfully. But as the days went by he realized with dismay that the pages were mute—they brought him no message now. And was it not mockery to keep up the form of prayer if there was no listening ear? There was only one real prayer in his heart—a wild cry for justice. His

voice went up with the voice of "them that were slain for the word of God," crying, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth," but to him no white robes were given, to him no answer of comfort came. Only God knows what restrained the despairing boy from ending his life, for again and again the temptation came to him as he cried, "What right have I to live when they are all dead?"

In December another sad experience came: north, east, south, and west in Shansi were the dishonored graves of more than one hundred and fifty Protestant missionaries, and many Catholics. Some dog-gnawed bones were bleaching outside city walls, some were rotting in pits and garbage heaps. The march of a German army to the Shansi passes had awakened a late repentance in the breasts of guilty officials. It might be well to try to placate the foreign avenger by a show of respect to those poor bodies, and the work began in the capital, Tai Yuan Fu. Hsiang Hsi happened to be there at the time, and watched as bone after bone was thrown from the earth with which the governor's victims had been covered after many days of exposure. He saw a beautiful coil of golden hair, but knew not what head it had once covered. Then he went to the place where sixty martyrs' heads, which had been stored away in large, coarse bags after hanging for weeks over gateways or on thorough-

fares, were now dumped out in a common heap. Transfixed with horror, speechless, he gazed at those unrecognizable skulls which seemed to be telling the story of their dying agony and shame, and when he returned to Tai Ku the iron had entered more deeply into his soul. But the saddest ordeal yet awaited him, for in January the bodies of the fourteen who had suffered martyrdom in Tai Ku that last day of July, and which three days later had been hastily buried in a garbage pit outside the city, were disinterred by official command, and those who knew and loved them best were invited to identify the precious remains. For hours Hsiang Hsi stood by that pit trying by the clothing and by the other tokens which he knew to recognize the dear forms, headless though they were. Was it easy, standing there, to remember that the corruptible had put on incorruption, that the mortal had put on immortality? After the remains had been placed in coffins Hsiang Hsi still stood by the pit in which were burning the mats that had been wrapped about the poor bodies, bits of wood and cloth and refuse. Again came the temptation to end his agony by casting himself down into the flames.

During all those long months not once did Hsiang Hsi's feet walk the street past the mission which had been the scene of so many years of happiness, then of those hours of horror and fire and sword. Again and again he made a détour of a mile rather than endure the heart-pang

which must come if he passed those pathetic ruins, rather than have that desolate picture burned into his brain. As long as his eye did not see, in his imagination the walls still stood, peopled with beloved friends. Let memory enshrine them there, not in that grewsome pit outside the city wall.

In March he turned his face toward Peking, where the college teachers and classmates whom he feared had all been killed were living. Perhaps there some light would come to his darkness, some hope to his despair. He could not venture to take those precious last messages written by the missionaries to their loved ones, which he had concealed so cunningly that no one had found them. The passes in the mountains were still guarded by Chinese armies, and every traveller was searched. He would die as a spy if foreign letters were found in his possession, and the priceless letters would be lost. He found the fortified passes bristling with cannon, and saw a wire which was said to be connected with a mine.

The railroad had been repaired, and carried him quickly over the last stage of his journey. At the first sight of familiar faces tears flooded his eyes, and though the loving greetings of his teachers comforted his sore heart, they also reminded him of the lost ones. For weeks the very mention of Shansi would bring tears to his eyes. He could not join his college mates in their studies. For the first time in nine months

he could gather with God's people for church services, but his despairing question "Why?" "What good?" still seemed to deafen his ear to every message.

One day a teacher who was talking with Hsiang Hsi, trying to help him pick up again the broken threads of life with some interest and purpose, asked him if there was any occupation, any object, which could revive in him energy and enthusiasm. His face quivered as he answered, "There is just one thing now that I would like to do; I would like to go to America to try in some way to serve Miss Bird's aged mother and Mrs. Williams, and other friends of those whom I loved. Perhaps in trying to bring comfort to them, a little comfort would come to my own heart." Further conversation showed that he already had the half-formed purpose of returning to Tai Ku, where his relatives had offered to start him in a profitable business, and he was confident that in a few years he would have plenty of money to make this pilgrimage.

This was the beginning of the thought in the minds of two friends who knew most of Hsiang Hsi's physical and mental condition, that a complete change of scene in America might bring healing, strength, and fitness to take up the work laid down by Shansi's martyrs. One of these friends, a college teacher of Hsiang Hsi's, was planning to start for America in about two

months. So it was proposed to Hsiang Hsi that he go with her, and, after visits with some of the friends with whom he longed to sympathize, fit himself by several years of study in Oberlin College for his life work in China. This prospect brought to him new life and joy. Shansi was so horror-haunted; it was so hard there to put out of his heart thoughts of vengeance, so hard to love China when every sight and sound brought to mind the terrible atrocities which she had committed. It did not seem best at the time to ask him to consecrate himself to Christian work in China when his years of study were over, but the hope in the hearts of all who loved and prayed for him was that the great purpose and passion of his life might be the salvation of his native land.

And now a trip to Shansi was necessary to gain the consent of Hsiang Hsi's father and uncle to this new plan, and to take the precious letters from their hiding-place. Late in June a company of missionaries, with an escort provided by the Chinese government, started for Shansi to carry relief to her famine-stricken people, to gather together the scattered, starving remnant of Christians, who for a year had been living in the valley of the shadow of death, to hold memorial services for the scores of missionaries and the thousands of Protestant Christians who were numbered with the martyr host. Hsiang Hsi travelled with Dr. Atwood. New anguish of soul

came as he neared the scenes of bloodshed, and his weakened body yielded to an attack of fever as soon as he reached home. Days passed. The date set for him to start for America was approaching. He dragged himself from his bed, collected a little clothing and a few other things which had belonged to the missionaries, and which he knew would be dear to their home friends. On the night of August 7, pale, thin, exhausted, he appeared in Peking, and the next morning he was on his way to America.

Conclusion

Experiences in America

CONCLUSION

Experiences in America

AMERICA! It had long been a dear, familiar name to our two Chinese heroes for was it not America which had sent their beloved pastors and teachers, was not America the land of freedom, the refuge of the oppressed, the champion of the weak? Mr. K'ung's twenty-four days in the steerage of the *Doric* on the passage from Shanghai to San Francisco were relieved by brief stops at three Japanese ports, and by the companionship from Yokohama of Mr. Fay. Seasickness in their uncomfortable, crowded quarters told sadly on their strength, and glad indeed were they when on September 12, 1901, the steamer turned in at the Golden Gate.

And now new trials awaited them instead of a haven of peace. They carried passports made out by the great Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, who was also Imperial Superintendent of Trade, and these passports had been duly viséed at the United States Consulate in Tientsin. But Li Hung Chang's papers were technically defective, so America had no welcome for these stu-

dents who had loyally stood by her citizens at the very gates of death. They were denied the privilege of landing on American shores! That meant that a week later, when the *Doric* weighed anchor, they would be deported, veritable outcasts, the sympathy which they longed to show to sorrowing friends denied expression, the high aim of fitting themselves better to take up the work of the martyrs denied fulfilment. It was the strenuous exertions of the Chinese minister, Wu Ting Fang, and their American friends, which saved them from this fate, but unwittingly subjected them to hardships and wrongs harder to bear than immediate deportation would have been. An appeal was made to the Treasury Department at Washington.

The students suffered a week of practical imprisonment in the steerage of the *Doric*, followed by a week of actual imprisonment in the "detention sheds" on the wharf, under the care of the steamship companies. The worst American criminal has never been confined in such a fearful prison as this filthy place, where often two hundred human beings are herded to welter in the stench and gloom. A few days more of confinement might have proved fatal to Mr. K'ung, who came out into the pure air of heaven looking like a ghost, and succumbed to a serious illness a few days later. It was the certificate of a physican that longer sojourn in this "durance vile" would be most dangerous to health, which

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released them from the detention sheds on bonds for $1000 each, given by the Chinese Consul-General. The answer to the appeal to the Treasury Department, which came just before their release, was to the effect that they were not to be deported immediately, but were to be allowed time to get corrected papers.

The weary months rolled on, the students occupying their time in study with a private teacher at Mr. Jee Gam's Mission in San Francisco. Minister Wu Ting Fang had applied to Viceroy Li Hung Chang for corrected papers, but the death of the great Viceroy in November, the subsequent confusion, and the loss of the necessary data, delayed a response, and when it finally came, late in February, it was not in the form of proper certificates.

In March the application for papers was sent again to Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai. Under ordinary circumstances three or four months should have sufficed for their return but before no response came. The general confusion which prevailed in Chinese governmental affairs in the North, owing to the occupation of Tientsin by the Provisional Government of the Allies, and the fact that not until August, 1902, were the Viceroy and the Customs Tao-tai allowed to occupy their Yamens and perform all of their usual functions, accounts for this second failure.

Meantime what of the students, left suspended, as it were, 'twixt heaven and earth? Late in

February, when it was known that there would still be a delay of several months before the final adjustment of their affairs, a friend called at the Chinese Bureau in San Francisco to inquire whether they would be permitted to leave that city. The Chief Inspector was then in Washington, but the official who was interviewed stated that no objection would be made to the students' leaving the city, it being understood that they would return if on receipt of the certificates they were found defective.

Mr. Fay then entered the Mount Tamalpais Military Academy for the spring term; and Mr. K'ung went to the home of his guardian in Tacoma, Wash., where Mr. Fay joined him in June. In August, as the certificates had not yet been received, and the time for the opening of college was drawing near, permission was obtained from their bondsman, and the two students started for Oberlin. They purchased tickets to Milwaukee, whither, for two years, their hearts had been turning in loving sympathy. There lived the mother of their best-loved missionary among the martyrs of China, her brother and other friends.

The following letter, which was written at Peking, May 28, 1901, will show how tender was this sympathy, how eager the longing to give it expression. The letter was written when Mr. K'ung thought that several years must pass before he could cross the ocean:

Greetings to one whom I hold in love and respect, who is constantly in my heart, and whom I cannot forget:

To Mrs. ——, peace:

Beloved Madam, often I have desired to write to you, but I could not do it, for whenever I took my pen in hand sorrow overwhelmed me, and I knew not what to write. Still I must write a little, that you may know that I have not forgotten you who are on the other side. Beloved Madam, although I have not seen you with my own eyes or spoken to you with my own lips, I look upon you as my own mother, and your image is printed on my heart. This is truly like the words in the Bible: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." I know that I am not worthy to address you as my mother, and that I am going beyond my proper place, but my dearly loved Miss ——, when in this sorrowful world, constantly looked on me as a younger brother, so this going beyond my proper place is with her permission.

Beloved Madam, I do not know what to say to you. If I could spread out wings and fly at once to you, then looking into your face could weep bitterly—this is what I wish. But alas! I have no wings, so I can only ask the God who loves you to keep you strong and well until some time when I can see and minister to you; then I will be content.

Beloved Madam, the ones whom you and I tenderly loved are gone, but their precious blood yet speaketh for God, for the Church, for the Christians. They were faithful unto death, and a crown of glory has been given them. Their names will never perish from now unto all eternity. Dear Madam, I know not the feeling of your heart, but I know that last year, when the wild beasts were raging, she whom you and I love was in perfect peace, and went about all her duties as usual.

The circumstances were more than I could bear, but she bore all with perfect steadfastness. One day she said to me, "Whatever comes to me, my mother will not regret my coming to China, and I shall not regret it." I do not like now to recall words like these; I cannot bear to mention them, because when I do it seems as if the voice which spoke them were still sounding in my ears, but I must tell them to you, that you may know the thought of her heart. Beloved Madam, when I was imprisoned alone, and could not go to those whom you and I love, I received a last letter from her in which she asked me to read some words from the Bible, and now I want you also to read these words in the first chapter of Philippians from the 19th verse to the end. These verses seem like a garment which will never leave my body while I live.

Greetings of peace to your family, and to those who love the Lord.

K'UNG HSIANG HSI
With his own pen pays his respects.

Strange complications arose through the purchase of tickets over the "Soo" Railway, which runs through trains from Seattle to St. Paul, part of the route lying in Canada. It was supposed that plain proof of continuous passage would be all that would be required under the circumstances, or that, if other formalities were necessary, officials at the boundary would attend to them. But, alas! the officials at the place of exit from the United States were very lax, those at the entrance were very vigilant. After three days of travel, Portal, N. D., was reached, but, unlike the famous "Open Door" of China, this portal was closed. In the dead of night, when

the two students were sleeping the sleep of the innocent in their berths they were startled by a loud "Get out of here, you fellows!" spoken in in a tone which a self-respecting dog would resent.

Then came six weeks of waiting, of hope deferred. They looked southward, thinking of the home in Milwaukee to which they had hoped to take the comfort of their love, of the widow in Oberlin who for a long year had been waiting to hear from their lips the story of her husband's martyrdom, and on September 24, the very day when they had planned to begin their college life in Oberlin, they turned sadly away from Portal to find a refuge in Toronto.

Many a vain appeal was sent to Washington in behalf of these suffering students. A well-known professor and author represented Oberlin in a personal appeal at the Treasury Department, and a lawyer in Washington volunteered his services in their behalf. The telegram from the Collector of the Port at San Francisco, "Departure of Chinese students from hospital was without knowledge or consent of this official," was held up in answer to all petitions. The Secretary of the Treasury stated that under the provisions of the treaty and the laws in relation to the exclusion of the Chinese there is no discretion vested in the administrative branch of the Government to permit these two young men to re-enter the United States.

And now must be recorded the persecution of these students "even unto strange cities." Hardly had they reached Toronto when telegrams began to come urging their immediate return to San Francisco by way of Victoria and the ocean. It had been demanded of the Chinese Consul-General that the students be delivered into the custody of the Collector at that port, failing which proceedings would be instituted at once for the recovery of the penalty of the bond. The students were not allowed the privilege of passing through the United States, and when application was made to the Canadian Pacific Railway for tickets to San Francisco, the reply was that they could not furnish tickets to Chinese without passports. Doubtless the authorities would soon have provided some means of transportation which would have placed the students back in those terrible detention sheds to await deportation, but just at this crisis their friends in Washington secured from the Attorney-General an order staying the proceedings for three months, allowing this time for securing corrected papers, and permitting the students to reside in Toronto. Renewed application was made for papers, and they will probably be received in January.

May the trials which have so sorely taxed body and heart and purse soon be ended, and the love and sympathy of the Oberlin community heal the wounds inflicted by our drastic laws. It was a keen disappointment to the students that they

could not be in Oberlin for the meeting of the American Board in October, especially on that day when was laid the corner-stone of the Martyrs' Memorial Arch, commemorating the great sacrifice in China. Every name to be graven on that arch is known and loved by these noble young men who stood with our missionaries through those dark days preceding their translation.

Is it not pitiful that these brothers of our faith have stood knocking in vain at the doors of this Christian land for sixteen long months? Our treaties with China, and the spirit of our laws, close our doors only against Chinese laborers. According to treaty these students are entitled to all the privileges and immunities which are accorded to students coming from the most favored nations, representatives of Cambridge or Leipsic for example. Our new exclusion law is superior to the Geary Law in that it re-enacts the old law to prevent the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States only "so far as the same is not inconsistent with treaty obligations now existing, in full force and effect." Has our treatment of Mr. Fay and Mr. K'ung been consistent with our treaty obligations? Will justice ever be done to a people not wielding the power of the ballot in the land of their sojourn, not upheld in their rights by the armies and navies of a strong fatherland? We are slaves to red tape and to the labor unions as long as we permit our present laws to be made instruments of injustice against

those whose favor America should court for selfish commercial reasons, if nothing higher, but, moreover, whose noble love and heroic sacrifice she should reward with the warmest of welcomes.

Prince Chen, during his recent visit to this country, is reported to have said, "The hope of my country is the education of her young men in your country." This hope will never be realized if the sad experiences of these two long-suffering students become widely known in their mother country. The more hospitable shores of England and Germany and Russia will win the student class now, and in later years when these same students stand in places of authority and influence, the countries which welcomed them will be favored in the commercial race in the Far East. "An open door for our merchants, our railway projectors, our missionaries," we cry, and at the same time we slam the door in the faces of Chinese merchants and travellers and students—the best classes who seek our shores.

A new difficulty confronts these two storm-tossed Chinese pilgrims, illustrating another vicious phase of our laws. In their independence and manliness they had hoped not to be entirely dependent upon the charity of the friends who had promised to help them prepare for lives of higher usefulness. Although they knew when they left China that common laborers are debarred from entering America, neither they nor their friends dreamed that they would be prohibited from

working for their board or for some part of their college expenses, after they had entered college. But a communication from the Treasury Department shows that Chinese students are denied the privilege of performing any kind of manual labor. At any time during their years of study if it should be known that they were waiting on tables, washing dishes, taking care of a furnace, or raking leaves in a dooryard, they would be liable to arrest and deportation. They may accept the charity of a widow left to care for three little children by the martyrdom of her husband, but they may not stretch out a hand to lighten her burdens. We may welcome to our shores the wealthy non-Christian students whose relatives have filled their coffers by questionable means, but the worthy son of a self-sacrificing Chinese pastor living on a salary of fifty dollars a year, could never seek a higher education in America unless he were willing to depend entirely upon Christian charity. When Mr. Fay and Mr. K'ung at last succeed in getting students' certificates answering all the requirements of the law, and again seek for admission to the United States, they will be asked what funds are available for their support. Uuless they can give assurance that they are provided with means of support independent of their own exertions, they will be denied admission.

Such are the laws which we ourselves have made. Are they not more worthy of Turkey

than of free Christian America? The genius of our statesmen should be equal to the task of framing immigration laws which would shut out undesirable immigrants from both our Atlantic and our Pacific seaports. Then would cease the anomaly of discriminating against a country where we are asking special privileges for our merchants and our missionaries, while we are admitting the off-scouring from every other nation under heaven. In 1904 our present treaty with China will expire, our laws will be revised. It is not too early for the leaven to be working which will substitute for these unjust laws those which are more in accord with our matchless Constitution, and with the teachings of the Master who said, "All ye are brethren."

One of the students said, "I am glad that the Kingdom of Heaven is not so hard to enter as America." The other writes, "I know now that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a Chinaman to get into the United States." Yet in spite of difficulty and disgrace they hold to the high purpose which brought them across the wide ocean. Mr. Fay writes: "I do not regret that I have come; I am convinced that I shall never regret it. God prepared the way for my coming by severing all ties which would hold me in China, making it possible to realize the hope of years, to press strenuously forward in pursuit of the true learning which shall prepare me for higher service."

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The following speech, entitled "The Yellow Skin," was given by Mr. Fay at a Sunday-school gathering in Toronto:

My dear friends, I am very glad to get this opportunity to speak to you, but I am very sorry that I cannot speak better English. I would like to try and tell you something to-night about "The Yellow Skin."

There are a great many different colors in the world, but in our country we think yellow is the best color and most beautiful of all, so our emperor and empress, and some of the highest officials, and the royal family, sometimes dress themselves all in yellow.

All the people in the world have different colors. Some faces are white like yours, some are yellow like ours, some are red like the Indians, and some are black like the colored friends. Which of these four do you think is the best? Perhaps you will say, "White, of course"; but no, you are mistaken. I think yellow is the best color of all, because we think yellow is gold, white is silver, red is brass or copper, and black is iron. When I was a little child in China I remember the first time I saw the white people. Oh, it was a great surprise to me, and I said to myself, "Why are these foreigners so white, and why is their hair so yellow and why are their eyes so blue, and why have the men no queues (what you call 'pig-tail') on their back, and why have the women no jewels on their heads and why do they not bind their feet? Oh, how ugly and dreadful they do look!"

I used to be proud of myself when I was in China, because I thought I was a pretty good-looking young man, and a nice youth among my companions,—of course much prettier than the white people,—but after I arrived in this country, and saw so many handsome young men and ladies, then I found I was mistaken. The people here do not think I am so handsome a young man as I

think I am. They think themselves much better-looking than I.

Once when we were at San Francisco last year I went to a beautiful park with some of my native friends. We saw a great many nice things—animals, flowers, trees, lakes, boats, fishes, etc. Afterward we went to a very big house, larger than this church, all built with glass, and there was a big pool in the center full of clean water and a number of young men, and some young ladies too, were bathing and swimming and playing in the water. I said to my friends, "It will be great fun to swim in the clean water; let us go and take a bath also" so we went to the man who took charge of that place, and asked him how much he would charge for it. The man told us, "We do not want you to take a bath here, even if you pay me a hundred dollars." I said "Why?' "Because you have yellow skin," was the answer.

The people on the street can always tell by our faces that we are Chinese; sometimes the people make fun of us, or throw something on us, and laugh at us. Why? Because we are Chinese and we have yellow skin; so I have already learned that the yellow color does not count for as much here as in China.

Now, friends, you know our aim is to go to the United States and get our education there, but we are kept out from that country because our passports were not quite right, because we are Chinese, and we have yellow skin. This is the reason why we got acquainted with you friends here.

Mr. Winchester said to me a few weeks ago: "You are a very bad man, Mr. Fay, because the big country does not allow you to stay on their ground, but you can go to heaven, to the country above, without any passports." That is quite true, I am sure. I know, when the happy time comes, all of my Christian brothers and sisters will go to that really free country. He does not care where you come from, and what country

you belong to nor what color you are, and He does not care that you are white, I am yellow, or he is black. The Father will open the door and receive us just the same.

More love for native land, a more intense desire to help in her regeneration, a more firm conviction that only Christ can save China, are the results of this year of wandering in a strange land, and studying American life and institutions. Healing has come to mind and heart, notwithstanding their trying experiences. We bid our heroes of Cathay Godspeed as they prepare to take up the work for which their martyred friends gave "the last full measure of devotion."

POSTSCRIPT

With great joy we add this postscript to state that Mr. Fay and Mr. K'ung, on January 10, reached their mecca, Oberlin. The certificates, applications for which Minister Wu Ting Fang forwarded to China for the third time while the students were waiting at Portal, have been received, and the Treasury Department has accepted them. The prompt response which the officials of China made to this application, the first which reached them after governmental affairs had returned to their normal state in North China, shows that previous delays were not caused by any doubt as to the standing of these young men as students.

We would express our gratitude to Mr. Wu Ting Fang, former minister at Washington, and to Mr. Chung, Student Interpreter, whose efforts in behalf of these students have been earnest and unremitting; to the Chinese Consul-General, Ho You, who so generously gave bonds which permitted them to leave the San Francisco detention sheds; to the friends in Oberlin, Toronto, and elsewhere who have interceded in their behalf and contributed toward their expenses; to the property-holders of Oberlin, who have recently signed a guarantee that funds would be provided for the college expenses of the students, without which guarantee they would not have been admitted into the United States; to Professor G. Frederick Wright and William Earl Ambrose, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, to whose invaluable intercession at Washington is due the opening of the long-closed door; to the Attorney General and to the officials of the Department of the Treasury who have extended to the students such clemency as our strict laws permitted; and to *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, *The Advance*, and other papers which have so effectively championed their cause.

DATE DUE

JUN. 15 1996

Printed
in USA

HIGHSMITH #45230

BW8222 .M664
Two heroes of Cathay, an autobiography
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